

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO
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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farm and household departments. Reading so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

- ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 226, Order Sons of St. George—Patrick Henry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.
- COURT WAGON, No. 579, Foresters of America—James Graham, Chief; Newport Joseph J. Davis, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
- THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Carey; Recording Secretary, Miss Kate Adams; Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
- DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catherine O'Brien; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hamilton; Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays.
- ANTHONY THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Carey; Recording Secretary, Miss Kate Adams; Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
- REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hamilton, Chairman of the committee; Robert S. Franklin, Secretary of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
- DAVIS DIVISION, No. 5, U. R. of P.—Sir John A. Hamilton, President; J. W. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
- GRAN MOLON, No. 181—John Yale, Chief; Alexander O'Brien, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Committee of 25.

The committee of 25 held its final meeting on Thursday evening preliminary to the meeting of the representative council next Wednesday evening to consider the budget. The work of the committee is now completed and the report has been signed for presentation to the council. It is evident that the rate of taxation this year will not be over \$12 and there is a strong possibility that it may be less than that.

At the Thursday evening meeting the committee considered a number of matters aside from the tax budget. The proposed increase of power for the board of health, giving them authority to inspect, ment, milk and other food supplies, was endorsed, and it was decided to recommend to the council that the city collector be instructed to appear before the General Assembly and urge the passage of an enabling act. The committee also voted to recommend a resolution providing that the city shall excavate and provide foundations for granolithic sidewalks, the abutters to pay the cost of surfacing.

There was some discussion about the tax rate and the amount to be raised by taxation. It was finally voted to recommend that the assessors be directed to raise by taxation not less than \$674,000 and not more than \$594,000, and the members of the committee estimated that on this basis the rate could be under \$12. The new police station proposition and the sewer pumping station proposition were not approved, but if the council sees fit to incorporate these in the budget it will increase the amount needed somewhat.

"Quarterly," the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Carter, is to undergo extensive repairs and improvements before the summer season.

At the annual session of the Grand Encampment of Rhode Island Mr. J. Roswell Chase of this city was elected Grand Patriarch.

Mrs. Philip J. Macvicar is on the road to recovery after her operation at the Newport Hospital.

Mr. Harry Boudreau and Mr. William Westall have returned from their Southern trip.

Mrs. William H. Lawton and Mrs. J. Stacy Brown are visiting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Private Secretary."

On Tuesday evening last the members of the Unity Club held one of the most enjoyable meetings of this season. Miss Isadora Lull had charge of the evening and most admirably arranged a reading of Hawthorne's comedy "The Private Secretary." The play had to be "cut" to adapt it to the purpose of a reading, instead of a performance, and the cutting was so judiciously done that only those who were familiar with the play could have known that any omissions were made. The comedy is a full of clear and unadorned fun and merriment, and might more truly be described as a farce. The dialogue is rapid and crisp throughout and is full of bright jokes and repartee. The situations are ludicrously funny, and were well brought out in the reading on Tuesday last. From start to finish the fun is fast and furious and almost borders on the hysterical. Undoubtedly the play is a difficult one to produce as a reading, but the members of the Unity Club were fully equal to the occasion, and gave the play in such an admirable way that the audience was kept in a war of laughter all the time.

Where all the readers read so well, it is difficult to pick out any bright particular star, but the most difficult roles were those taken by Mr. William McLeod as "the private secretary" and Mr. A. O. D. Taylor, Jr., as the old Uncle from India. These two gentlemen filled the parts most creditably and to the enjoyment of all present. Of the other parts Miss Swinburne, as the "old landlady" and Miss Brizer as the Spiritualist enthusiast did their parts splendidly, while those who read the other characters took their parts in such a spirited way that it is safe to say this performance could hardly have been improved upon by any amateur.

The success of the meetings of the local Unity Club this year is deserved, and is very creditable to those having charge of the various plays. Although the rain fell heavily on Tuesday evening last, there was an audience of about 475 persons present.

The cast of characters was:
Mrs. Stew. Miss Swinburne.
Miss Ashford. Miss Brizer.
Edith Marsland. Miss Bradley.
Eva (her cousin). Miss Luck.
Dorothy. Mr. Allen.
Harry. Dr. Farquhar.
Alfred. Mr. Greenlaw.
"Private Secretary," Mr. W. McLeod.
Gibson. Mr. Webster.
Catermole. Mr. A. O. D.
Knox, etc. Taylor, Jr.
Mr. H. L. Taylor.

Board of Aldermen.

The monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening, when routine business was transacted, the board being in session only a short time. Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:
Board of Health \$1,116 25
Books, stationery and printing 23 00
City Auditor 21 00
City Assessor 1,077 80
Fire department 1,077 80
Lighting streets 2,774 19
Nuisance abatement 20 00
Derby fuel fund 50 00
Dog fund 80 25
Indulging and preservation of records 40 00
Newport Hospital for tuberculosis 2,500 00
Water supply 294 45
Touro Jewish Synagogue fund 135 45
Police Department 218 35
Public buildings 294 45
Public schools 11,650 57
Streets and highways 630 25
Ward meetings 25 00
\$22,774 72

The monthly reports of the street commissioner and of the inspector of nuisances were received. A number of milk licenses were granted. At the regular weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, there was little business to be considered, aside from the proposed straightening of Old Beach road which took up considerable time. The report of the commission on this matter was presented by the city collector in legal form, and after some talk about procedures in similar cases in the past it was voted to give a public hearing on the question on April 4. The bill of the three commissioners, at \$75 each, was presented, but the board thought that \$50 each would be sufficient remuneration for the amount of work that had been performed.

Regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved, and a few minor licenses were granted.

Florence Heckley, a young colored woman 20 years of age, has been sentenced to 90 days at Cranston on a charge of concealing the death of her infant child. There was at first considerable mystery about the case, as the body of the child was found in a trunk in the house where the woman boarded at 12 Long wharf, and she at first said that it belonged to a Fair River girl. She claimed that the child was still-born.

Mr. William E. Dennis, Jr., has returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mrs. Harold Brown is visiting in New York.

No Big Firecrackers.

The Newport police authorities have taken steps long in advance to prevent serious accidents and possible fatalities on the Fourth of July this year. It has been decided that there shall not be sold any large firecrackers, or any composed of highly dangerous explosive, and the police have notified dealers to this effect so that there shall not be stocks of these goods accumulated.

This does not by any means mean that there shall not be a proper celebration of Independence Day in Newport. The small boys can still have their firecrackers and other noise-makers, but the larger boys, who are old enough to know better, will be prevented from making nuisances of themselves by hurling dangerous firecrackers in the vicinity of timid and nervous persons. In years gone by a group of grown boys have congregated on one of the principal streets and have made life intolerable for the ordinary citizen, in more than one case causing serious accidents.

The city of Newport will probably provide its customary public celebration. Included in the budget of the committee of 25 is an appropriation of \$1000 for the observance of the day which will undoubtedly be approved by the council. This probably means band concerts, street parade, hot races and fireworks at the beach. There will be plenty of amusement for the day, even though the dangerous high explosive is tabooed.

The representative council has been called to meet on Wednesday evening, March 3, at eight o'clock, to take action on the budget as reported by the committee of 25 and to consider such other business as may come before it. The report of the committee of 25 has been printed at the Mercury Office and has been mailed to the taxpayers as required by law. The amount to be raised by taxation, as recommended by the committee, is considerably less than in past years, and it is hoped that the tax rate may be reduced. It is expected that there will be considerable other business to come before the council.

About a year ago the Citizens Business Association appointed a committee to work for the establishment of a naval dry dock in Narragansett Bay. Since that time the committee has not been idle but has considered a number of ways by which this result might be secured. On Monday the committee paid a visit to Providence and held a conference with a committee of the Providence Board of Trade, at which the matter was talked over at considerable length. The Providence organization is in hearty sympathy with the movement and will do what it can to assist.

A banquet and entertainment, in honor of Peter Ogden, was given by Canochel Lodge, No. 2189, Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, at its hall on Caleb Earl street on Tuesday evening. There was an excellent dinner to which a large number of members of the order and its allied societies did ample justice. The speakers of the evening were Messrs. Charles F. D. Fayerweather, Nathan T. Jackson, Rev. William H. Thomas and Dr. Marcus F. Wheatland. Peter Ogden was the founder of the order.

The Newport police have been very busy with minor offenders for some time past. During the past week a number of sailors have been fined for drunkenness and fighting, and other revelers have been before the court. A boy who obtained \$50 from the boarding place of Mr. Herman Werner on the statement that Mr. Werner sent him for it, has been arrested and placed on probation. There have been many assault cases and other offenders before the court.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Robinson, the actress, and Mr. August Belmont, took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Midge Carr Cook, to New York last Saturday, being witnessed by relatives and a few intimate friends. Mr. Michael J. Lavelle, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Byrne. Immediately after the ceremony the couple started on their honeymoon through the South.

The motor boat Viking, belonging to Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, will be shipped to London at once, where Mr. Vanderbilt proposes to use her during the spring and summer. The Viking is one of the finest small power boats ever seen in this vicinity, having 35 feet length and equipped with a 25 horse power motor.

The junk dealers of the city have prepared a petition to be presented to the representative council, asking that the fee for licenses be reduced to \$10. The present fees are \$25 for shop licenses, with an additional fee of \$5 for those who wish to do a business as gatherers.

Mr. Walter S. Curran has been ill at the Newport Hospital the past week.

Recent Deaths.

Ida J. Albro.
The news of the death of Miss Ida J. Albro on Saturday of last week at her home on Newport avenue, came as a great surprise to many people. Despite the fact that she had not been in the best of health for a long time, she did not complain and few knew of her ailments. She spent Washington's Birthday in Boston and was taken with gastritis after she returned home that night and gradually grew worse.

Miss Albro graduated from the Rogers High School in the class of 1893 and after leaving school she went to work in the Bee Hive, where she was employed for a number of years. Later she entered the employ of Heath & Co., remaining there until that firm ceased to exist. About four years ago she went to work at Blaine's and was there on the Monday before her death. She was held in the highest esteem by her employer and was a young woman of sterling qualities. She was kind and courteous to all with whom she came in contact and she will be greatly missed not only in private but also in public life.

Miss Albro was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O. Albro and besides her parents leaves two brothers and two sisters, Mr. J. Frank Albro, Mr. Thomas O. Albro, Jr., Mrs. Robert E. Shum and Miss Nellie M. Albro.

Funeral services were held from St. Joseph's Church Tuesday morning, when the church was filled to overflowing with relatives and friends who had gathered in to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased. Rev. James Mahon officiated and Mr. Thomas B. Connolly sang "Only Waiting." The floral tributes were numerous and most beautiful, it taking two carriages to convey them to the cemetery. The bearers were Messrs. William H. Sullivan, Frank H. Helleman, Robert A. Donahy, John Riley and John Shea. The interment was at St. Columba's Cemetery.

Mr. Blaine's store was closed during the hours of the funeral services and the employees attended the funeral.

Mrs. Clyde Keene.

Mrs. Beulah Keene, wife of Chief Gunner's Mate Clyde Keene, died at her residence on Church street Sunday afternoon after a short illness. She had made many friends during her stay in Newport and was very patient during her sickness.

Funeral services were held from her late residence on Church street, early Tuesday morning, Rev. George W. Quick, D. D., of the Second Baptist Church, officiating. There was a large attendance of friends, including many petty officers and a detachment of seamen gunners from the Torpedo Station. The body was taken to the 8 o'clock train and forwarded to the former home of the deceased in Colon, Mich.

The honorary bearers were Messrs. William T. Holey, Daniel Sullivan, John J. Jones, John Donovan, Daniel Gleason and A. J. Bernhardt. Six chief petty officers from the Torpedo Station were active bearers and the body was followed by a detail of seamen gunners. Among the floral tributes was a wreath from the officers of the Torpedo Station and a piece from the chief petty officers and seamen gunners' class.

Mrs. Keene was a member of the Order of the Eastern Star.

John O'Neill.

Mr. John O'Neill died at his home on Lee avenue on Friday of last week in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the Fifth ward. He was a native of Dingle, County of Kerry, Ireland, in 1826, and came to this country in 1847, going to Newburyport where he remained until 1852 when he came to Newport, where he has since lived.

Mr. O'Neill leaves seven children: Thomas J. O'Neill, John O'Neill, Eugene C. O'Neill, Patrick J. O'Neill, William C. O'Neill, Mrs. Ellen Murphy and Miss Mary E. O'Neill and 20 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Funeral services were held from St. Mary's Church Monday morning, there being a large gathering of relatives and friends. A solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. William B. Meenan, assisted by Rev. M. F. Healy and Rev. Father Coyle. The bearers were Messrs. Philip Gillicie, John Nixon, Thomas Maguire, Michael Sullivan, James Sullivan and Eugene Sullivan. The interment was in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Frank E. Clarke.

Mr. Frank E. Clarke, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Clarke, died at the Newport Hospital last Saturday after a long illness, from which he had been a great sufferer. He was a cabinet maker by trade, but for some years had done carpentering work, having been employed at one time at the Training Station and at the time of his

death he was working in the pattern shop at the Torpedo Station.

Mr. Clarke was one of the volunteers at the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, enlisting at the Training Station. He was sent on board the Constellation and later transferred to the receiving ship Franklin at the Norfolk navy yard. He was later sent to the U. S. S. Dolphin as a seaman, serving until the end of the war, at which time he was honorably discharged. He was with the North Atlantic fleet before Santiago under the late Rear Admiral William T. Sampson, U. S. N.

Mr. Clarke's death comes as a severe blow not only to his relatives, but to a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances, as he was a young man of most sterling character and was held in high esteem by all who knew him.

Mr. Clarke leaves a widow and an infant child, also his father and mother, and two brothers and two sisters, Mr. Charles Elmer Clarke and Mr. Fred A. Clarke, and Mrs. LeRoy W. Baxter and Miss Bertha M. Clarke.

Henry S. Redmond.

Mr. Henry S. Redmond, one of Newport's best known summer residents and a prominent yachtsman, died at Miami, Fla., on Friday of last week of heart failure, at the age of forty-five years. He had been in poor health for a long time and the first of the new year left for the South for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Redmond was one of New York's well known bankers and devoted much time to yachting. He was a member of the New York Yacht Club as well as several others, and was the owner of steam yachts Diana and Albia. The latter he purchased in England in 1880 and brought to this country, where she won several important prizes.

Mr. Redmond leaves a widow and one child; also a father, Mr. Henry Redmond.

Algeron H. Edgar.

Mr. Algeron H. Edgar, a Newport boy and a veteran of the Civil War, died very suddenly in Pawtucket on Tuesday. He was at his work in the Fales & Jencks Machine works in that city, and was suddenly stricken. He was taken to the company's emergency room and medical attendance was given him, but he failed to rally from the seizure.

Mr. Edgar was a son of the late George Edgar of Newport, and learned the carpenter's trade in this city. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted as a drummer boy, being too young to be accepted in the ranks, but as soon as he reached the proper age he was accepted as a private. He saw active service all through the war, participating in 21 engagements. He was mustered out at the close of the war and afterward joined Charles B. Lawton Post, G. A. R., which was a short time ago merged into Lawton-Warren Post.

He is survived by a widow, who was the daughter of the late Job Tew of this city, and by one son, Mr. Algeron H. Edgar, Jr.

Charles J. Whitaker.

Mr. Charles J. Whitaker died at his home on East Bowers street on Tuesday after a short illness. He had been in the employ of wealthy summer residents of Newport for many years, at first as coachman but later as superintendent at Oakland Farm. He was employed in the Gibbs family for many years, later with Cornelius Vanderbilt, and afterwards with the sons, being retired on a pension a few years ago.

Mr. Whitaker was well known throughout the city. He built the first cottage on Rhode Island avenue, and it stood alone on that street for some time. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.

The Mumford school on Farewell street was publicly inspected Monday evening and a goodly number availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the school and go through the building. Superintendent Lull and Miss Elizabeth Hammett, the principal of the school, were present to receive the guests, and were assisted by the teachers.

Mr. J. Nicholson Barrett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barrett of this city, has returned to the State of Washington where he is conducting a large ranch for the cultivation of peaches.

The enumerators recently appointed by the board of aldermen to make the census of births in this city found a total of 550, which is the largest ever reported.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hall Thompson, U. S. A., have returned from their wedding trip and are occupying their quarters at Fort Adams.

Hor. Henry C. Anthony of Portsmouth on Wednesday shipped a large quantity of steel corn to the Argentine Republic to fill an order.

Mr. Joseph H. Garnett has returned to Chicago, after visiting relatives in this city.

Express Office Closed.

On Tuesday, March 1-1, the Adams Express Company took over all the express business in Newport, the New York and Boston office being closed. This leaves the Adams alone in the field, and although the New York and Boston has long been owned by the Adams, many people regret to see the passing of even the appearance of competition.

The New York & Boston Express has maintained an office for the sale of railroad and steamboat tickets and staterooms, and Mr. Jere J. Greene, the local manager of the express company, has been in charge of the office. With the closing of the express office, Mr. Greene, retired from the express management but will continue in charge of the ticket office. This gives very general satisfaction to the travelling public, who have always found him to be courteous, obliging and efficient. He has been in charge of the office so long, and has made so many friends both among the permanent and the summer residents, that many persons would not think they could take a trip to New York by boat without getting their tickets and staterooms from him.

'Apollo Hall, the concert chamber in the establishment of James H. Barney, Jr., & Co., was formerly opened on Thursday evening, when a large gathering was entertained by the rendition of Verdi's opera Il Trovatore on a Victor Victrola instrument. It was a very ambitious undertaking to run off a grand opera on a mechanical instrument, but under the manipulation of Mr. Frank Hale it went through with entire success and the audience were entranced with the voices of Caruso, Madame Alda and the other famous operatic stars who had made the record. The machine used proved that it was admirably adapted to reproduce this work.

The Robert Emmett Literary Association observed the one hundred and thirty-second anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmett on Thursday evening, by a large gathering at Odd Fellows Hall. Mr. Thomas Brick presided and the principal speaker of the evening was Hon. Patrick H. Quinn of Providence. There was a pleasing musical programme during the evening. Mayor Boyle and the members of the board of aldermen were present as guests of the association.

Minuteman Council, No. 3, D. of P., held a very enjoyable masquerade social in Builders & Merchants Hall Tuesday evening. There was a large number present and the costumes were not only amusing but some were very striking. It was a subscription affair and therefore was almost like a home gathering. The music was especially pleasing to the dancers, being bright and catchy.

Inspector Tobin has brought about the arrest of a private soldier at Fort Adams on suspicion of being implicated in the break at the summer homes of Albert H. Olmsted and G. M. Hutton last January. Some of the articles that were taken from those places have been recovered and the police are confident that they have the right man.

Messrs. Thomas P. Peckham and Peter King are at Charleston, S. C., to visit Mr. Angus McLeod, who is spending a few weeks there for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Coggeshall have returned from Joliet, Ill.

Mr. William J. O. Young is able to be out after his recent illness.

Middletown.

Robert, the 8-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel A. Peckham of Wapping road, met with a very peculiar accident on Friday last. Running to enter the schoolroom about noon he stubbed his foot and pitched against the large stone step at the door. The fall crushed in all his front upper teeth and cut a gash across the lower lip. He was driven to his home by a neighbor and later carried to Newport where he spent two hours in the dentist's chair. The teeth were apparently torn from the gums but were put back and fastened in the child bearing it all very bravely. The inside of the mouth was badly lacerated and the lips cut.

The work of restoring the telephone poles along Miles road and the boulevard, which has been waiting since the Christmas snow storm, has been completed this week. Some of the poles were shattered just above the ground. Service in the meantime has been conducted by means of a cable containing the wires which ran from a tree down along the ground to near Vernon avenue where they connected with one of the poles which was left standing.

Upon the removal of Mr. Harry E. Peckham from Hillsdale farm to the Easton farm, Paradise avenue, on March 25, Mr. Pitt Littlefield of Wapping road will remove there from Portsmouth.

A Mission service was held at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Sunday, Rev. Arthur N. Pease being the preacher. The offering was for the missionary work. In the evening there was a Bible class for men and boys at the Berkeley Parish House.



The Riverman

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Edward
White

By
Stewart
Edward White

the deck, sound asleep.

Chapter 34

ORDE now took steps to collect into the channel recently dredged to Stearn's bayou the mass of the logs racing down stream from Redding. He estimated that he had still two hours or so in which to do the work.

This at first he succeeded in doing, and very successfully as affecting the pressure on the jam below. To the crew working in the channel dredged through to Stearn's bayou the affair was that of driving a rather narrow and swift stream, only exaggerated. A large proportion of the timbers found their way into the bayou. Those still continued on down the river could hardly have much effect on the jam. As yet only the advance of the big jam had arrived at the dredged channel.

"We can't keep this up when the main body hits us," Orde panted to Jim Henning. "We'll have to do more pile driver work."

He made a rapid excursion to the boom camp, whence he returned with thirty or forty men.

"Here boys," said he, "you can keep these logs moving in this channel for a couple of hours."

Orde now returned to the jam, where, on the pile driver, the logs and the booms he set methodically to strengthening the defenses.

But shortly the water began to rise again, this time fairly by leaps. For the hundredth time the frail wooden defenses opposed to millions of pounds were tested to the very extreme of their endurance. The network of chains and cables tightened, drawing ever nearer the snapping point. Suddenly, almost without warning, the situation had become desperate.

And for the first time Orde completely lost his pulse and became faintly prostrate.

He shook his fist against the menacing logs; he apostrophized the river, the high water, the jam, the desperates, Newmark and his illness, ending in a general anathema against any and all streams, logs and floods.

"Well," said Tom North, "he's good and mad this time."

At the dredged channel Orde saw the rivermen standing idle, and half blind with anger, he burst upon them. Then he stopped short and stared.

Square across the dredged channel and completely blocking it lay a single span of iron bridge. Behind it the logs had, of course, piled up in a jam, which dammed back the water.

"Where in h— did that drop from?" cried Orde.

"Come down on top the jam," explained a riverman.

Orde, suddenly fallen into a cold rage, stared at the obstruction, both fists clenched at his side.

"That about settles it," said Welton. "Settle!" cried Orde. "I should think not!"

Welton smiled quietly. "Don't you know when you're licked?"

"Licked, h—!" said Orde. "We've just begun to fight."

"What can you do?"

"I'll blow her up with powder."

"Ever try to blow up iron?"

"There must be some way."

"Oh, there is," replied Welton, "of course—take her apart, bolt by bolt and nut by nut."

"Send for the wrenches, then!" snapped Orde.

"But it would take days. It would be too late. It would do no good."

"Perhaps not," interrupted Orde, "but it will be doing something, anyway. Look here, Welton, are you game? If you'll get that bridge out in two days I'll hold the jam."

"You can't hold that jam two hours."

"That's my business. Will you send for lanterns and wrenches and keep this crew working?"

"I will," said Welton.

During the next two days the old scenes were all revived, with back of them the weight of the struggle that had gone before. Pines belonging to divers and protesting owners were felled and sharpened. Even the loveliest government supply was commandeered.

Then all at once, as though a faucet had been turned off, the goods slackened.

"They've opened the channel," said Orde daily. His voice sounded to himself very far away. He felt himself moving in strange and distorted surroundings. He heard himself repeating to each of a number of wavering, gigantic figures the tawdry words that had accomplished the dissolution of the earth for himself. "They've opened the channel!" At last he felt hard planks beneath his feet, and, shaking his head with an effort, he made out the pilothouse of the Sprito and a hollow-eyed man leaning against it. "They've opened the channel, Marsh," he repeated. "I guess that'll be all." Then quite slowly he sank to

When Newmark left, in the early stages of the jam, he gave scant thought to the errand on which he had ostensibly departed. Whether or not Orde got a supply of piles was to him a matter of indifference. His hope, or, rather, preference, was that the jam should go out, but he saw clearly that Orde, blinded by the swift action of the struggle, was as yet unable to perceive. Even should the riverman succeed in stopping the jam the extraordinary expenses incidental to the defense and to the subsequent salvaging, untangling and sorting would more than eat up the profits of the drive. Orde would then be forced to ask for an extension of time on his notes.

On arriving in Monrovia he drove to his own house. To Mallock he issued orders.

"Go to the office and tell them I am ill," said he, "and then hunt up Mr. Heinzman. I want to see him immediately."

The German entered rather red and breathless, surprised to find Newmark at home.

"Heinzmann," said he, "in three weeks at the latest Orde will come to

"Oh, I ain't backing out,"

you asking for a renewal of the notes you hold against our firm. You must refuse to make such a renewal."

"All right," agreed Heinzman. "He'll probably offer you a higher interest. You must refuse that. Then when the notes are overdue you must begin suit in foreclosure."

"All right," repeated Heinzman, a little listlessly. "Do you think he will hold that jam? I got lots of logs in that jam. If it goes out I'll lose a heap of money."

"Well, you'll make quite a heap on this deal," said Newmark carelessly.

"Suppose he holds it," said Heinzman, pausing. "I hate like the mischief to jump on him."

Newmark looked at the German sharply. "I suppose you know just how deep you're in this?"

"Oh, I ain't backing out," negatived Heinzman—"not a bit."

Little by little the water went down. The pressure, already considerably relieved by the channel into Stearn's bayou, slackened every hour. Orde, still half dazed by his long delayed sleep, drove back along the marsh road to town. Orde began to review the situation. As Newmark had accurately foreseen, he came almost immediately to a realization that the firm would not be able to meet the notes given to Heinzman. Orde had depended on the profits from the season's drive to enable him to make up the necessary amount. Those profits would be greatly diminished if not wiped out entirely by the expenses, both regular and irregular, incurred in holding the jam.

"I'll have to get an extension of time," said Orde to himself. "Of course Joe will let me have more time on my own personal note to the firm and Heinzman surely ought to. I saved a lot of his logs in that jam. And if he doesn't want to I guess an offer of a little higher interest will fetch him."

Finally he pulled up opposite the Orde house, sprang up the walk and into the front door.

"Hello, sweetheart," he called cheerfully.

The echoes alone answered him. He cried again and yet again, with a growing feeling of disappointment that Carroll should happen to be from home. A moment later Mary, the Irish servant girl, came through the dining room, caught sight of Orde, threw her apron over her head and burst into extravagant demonstrations of grief.

"What is it, Mary?" he asked very quietly.

But the girl only wept the louder. Orde sprang forward to shower her with questions. These elicited nothing but broken and incoherent fragments concerning "the missus." "Oh, the sad day!" At this moment Bobby appeared from the direction of the kitchen. Orde, frantic with alarm, fell upon his son. Bobby could only mumble something about "smallpox" and "took mamma away with doctor."

"Where, where?" cried Orde.

At this moment a calm, dry voice broke through the turmoil. Orde looked up to see Dr. McMullen standing in the doorway.

"It's all right," said the doctor. "Your wife was exposed to smallpox and is at my house to avoid the danger of spreading contagion. She is not ill."

"Where was she exposed?"

"Down at Heinzman's. You know—or perhaps you don't—that old Heinzman is the worst sort of anti-vaccination crank. Well, he's reaped the reward."

"Has he smallpox?" asked Orde.

"No; his daughter Mina. Lord knows where she got it. Mrs. Orde

happened to be with her when she was taken with the symptoms that began the disease. As a neighborly deed she remained with the girl. Of course no one could tell it was smallpox at that time. Next day, however, the characteristic rash appeared on the thighs and arms. I telegraphed to Redding for a nurse. Until she came Mrs. Orde stayed by like a brick. Don't know what I should have done without her."

"When was this?" asked Orde.

"Seven days ago."

"How is Mina getting on?"

"She'll get well. I suppose I'll have old Heinzman on my hands, though. Emotional and fool. Rushed right in when he heard his daughter was sick. Couldn't keep him out. And he's been with her or near her ever since."

"I'm going to step up to your house and see Mrs. Orde."

"You can telephone her," said the doctor.

He called up Dr. McMullen's house on the telephone.

"You're a deaf, brave girl, and I'm proud of you," said Orde.

"Nonsense! There was no danger at all. I'd been vaccinated recently. And somebody had to take care of poor Mina until we could get help. How's Bobby?"

After lunch Orde went downtown to his office. Newmark came in. "Hello, Joe!" said Orde, with a slight constraint. "Too bad you got sick just at that time. We needed you."

"You know I'd have been there if possible."

"Well, we had a lively time, you bet, all right, and got through about by the skin of our teeth."

He arose and walked over to Newmark's desk, on the edge of which he perched.

"It's cost us considerable. I'll have to get an extension on those notes."

"What's that?" asked Newmark quickly.

"I don't believe I'll be able to meet those notes. So many things have happened."

"But," broke in Newmark, "the firm certainly cannot do so. I've been relying on your assurance that you would take them up personally. Our resources are all tied up."

"Can't we raise anything more on the northern peninsula timber?" asked Orde.

"You ought to know we can't," cried Newmark, with an appearance of growing excitement. "The last seventy-five thousand we borrowed for the finishes—that."

"Can't you take up part of your note?"

"My note comes due in 1885," rejoined Newmark, with cold disgust. "I expect to take it up then. But I can't until then. I hadn't expected anything like this."

"Well, don't get hot," said Orde vaguely. "I only thought that northern peninsula stuff might be worth saving any way we could figure it."

"Worth saving?" snorted Newmark.

"Well, keep your hair on," said Orde, on whom Newmark's manner was beginning to have its effect, as Newmark intended it should. "You have my Boom company stock as security."

"Pretty security for the loss of a tract like the upper peninsula timber! I thought you'd surely be able to pay it," retorted Newmark, now secure in the position of putting Orde entirely in the wrong.

"Well, I expected to pay it, and I'll pay it yet," rejoined Orde. "I think Heinzman will renew the notes."

He seized his hat and departed. Once in the street, however, his irritation passed. As was the habit of the man, he began more clearly to see Newmark's side and so more emphatically to blame himself. After all, when he got right down to the essentials he could not but acknowledge that Newmark's anger was justified.

"Mr. Heinzman?" he asked briefly of the first clerk.

"He is at home ill."

"Already?" said Orde. He drummed on the rail thoughtfully. "The notes came due in ten days."

"Well, who's in charge?"

"Mr. Lambert."

Orde passed through the grill into the inner room.

"Hello, Lambert," he addressed the individual seated at Heinzman's desk. "So you're the boss, eh?"

"Yes, I'm the boss," said he non-committally.

"Heinzmann holds some notes due against our people in ten days," said Orde. "I came in to see about their renewal."

Lambert struck a bell, and to the bookkeeper who answered he said, "John, bring the those Newmark & Orde papers."

The clerk returned and handed to Lambert a long manila envelope. Lambert spread its contents on his knee.

"Note for \$75,000 with interest at 10 per cent. interest paid to Jan. 10. Mortgage deed on certain lands described herein."

"I want to renew the note for another year," Orde explained.

"Can't do it," replied Lambert. "Mr. Heinzman gave me special instructions in regard to this matter just before his daughter was taken sick."

"But I'll give him 12 per cent for another year."

"He said not to renew even if you offered higher interest."

"What does he intend about this mortgage?"

"To foreclose."

"Where's your telephone?" Orde asked.

He tried in vain to get Heinzman at his house. The bell had been removed. Orde left the office at a loss how to proceed next.

"There's the year of redemption on that mortgage," he reminded himself. "We may be able to do something in that time. I don't know just what," he added whimsically, with a laugh at

himself. He became grave. "Poor Joe," he said. "This is pretty tough on him. I'll have to make it up to him somehow. I can let him in on that California deal when the titles are straightened out."



Chapter 35

ORDE did not return to the office. He felt unwilling to face Newmark until he had a little more thoroughly digested the situation. He spent the rest of the afternoon about the place playing with Bobby. Three or four times he called up Carroll by telephone. After dinner they sat on the porch until Bobby's bedtime. Orde put his small son to bed and sat talking with the youngster as long as his conscience would permit. Then he retired to the library.

Suddenly Orde leaned forward, his senses at the keenest attention. After a moment he arose and quietly walked toward the open window. Just as he reached the casement and looked out a man looked in. The two stared at each other not two feet apart.

"Good Lord, Heinzman!" cried Orde. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Take me somewhere," he whispered hoarsely. "I had broke quarantine, and dey will be after me."

"What do you mean by coming here and exposing my house to infection?" Heinzman began to blubber and cried aloud in greatest agony:

"I had somethings to say to you." He grasped Orde by the arm. "Dey are dere mit shingles to kill me if I broke quarantine. And I had left my daughter, my daughter Mina, all alone to come and tell you. And now you don't listen."

"Come with me," said Orde briefly. He led the way around the house to the tool shed and lit a lantern.

Heinzmann sat down on a wall keg. Orde looked at him curiously. He was half dressed, without a collar, his thin hair unkempt. His eyes burned bright as though from some internal fire.

"What is it?" asked Orde.

"Ach, Orde," cried the German, "I am tortured mit hollenqualle—what you call?—hell's fire. You, whose wife comes in and saves my Mina when the others runs away—you, my best friends! It is schrecklich! She was the noblest, the best! She might take the disease; she might die. It was noble." He shuddered. "My Mina left to die all alone!"

Orde rose to his feet.

"That is all right," said he; "Now let me get you home."

"No!" cried Heinzman. "Listen to me! I had your note for seventy-five thousand dollars. No?"

Orde nodded.

"Dot money I never lent you. Not I'm not crazy. Sit still! I know my name is on dot note, but the money came from your partner, Newmark."

"What?" Orde asked in bewilderment.

"Dey, you could not pay the note I was to foreclose, and hand over dot northern peninsula land to Joseph Newmark, your partner."

"Impossible!" cried Orde.

"I was to get a share. It was a trick."

"Why do you come to tell me now?"

"Because for more than one year now I say to myself: 'Carl Heinzman, you was one dirty scoundrel. You was a thief. It iss all right to be smart, but to be a thief!'"

"Why didn't you pull out?" asked Orde.

"I couldn't!" cried Heinzman piteously. "He had me cold. I paid Stanford \$500 for his vote on the charter, and Newmark he know dot. He can prove it. He tell me if I don't do what he say he put me in jail."

"Well, he can still put you in prison," said Orde.

"Tot I care?" cried Heinzman, throwing up both his arms. "You and your wife are my friends. She save my Mina. Du lieber Gott! If my daughter had died, yet good iss friends and money, yet good iss anything? I don't want to live! And ven I sit dere by her always something ask me, 'Vy you do dot to the peoples dot safe your Mina?'"

His excitement died.

"Have you that note?" asked Orde.

"It is at my office for the foreclosure. I will not foreclose. He can send me to the penitentiary."

"Telephone Lambert in the morning to give it to me. No—here. Write an order in this notebook."

Heinzmann wrote the required order.

"I go," said he, suddenly weary.

Orde accompanied him down the street and succeeded in slipping him through the improvised quarantine.

Morning found Orde still seated in the library chair. His head was sunk forward on his chest; his hands were extended, listless, palms up, along the

arms of the chair; his eyes were vacant and troubled.

When the full sun shone into the library he aroused himself to change his clothes. Then, carrying those he had just discarded, he slipped out of the house, and down the street. He paused only long enough to telephone from the office telling Carroll he would be out of town all day. Then he set out at a long swinging gait over the hills, miles from the village and in the high beech woods. There he sat down, his back to a monster tree. All day long he gazed steadily on the shifting shadows and patches of sunlight on the patches of blue sky, the dazzling white clouds that sailed across them; on the waying, whispering frond that overarched him and the deep cool shadows beneath.

At evening Orde shook himself and arose.

He reached home a little before 6 o'clock. He found Taylor awaiting him.

"I have things pretty well in shape," the lawyer said.

"Then the trouble is over?" asked Orde.

"I wouldn't say that," replied Taylor, "but you can rest easy as to the title to your lands. The investigation had no real basis to it. There may have been some small individual cases of false entry, but nothing on which to ground a real attack."

"When can I borrow on it?"

"Not for a year or two, I should say. There's an awful lot of red tape to unwind."

"Oh," said Orde in some disappointment.

Taylor hesitated.

"I have something more to tell you—something that will be painful," said he.

Orde looked up quickly.

"Well, what is it?"

"The general cussedness of all this investigation—business had me puzzled until at last I made up my mind to do a little investigation on my own account. There was one man behind all this. He was—"

"Joe Newmark," said Orde quietly.

"How did you know that?"

"I just guessed."

"Well, it was Newmark. He tied up the land in this trumped up investigation so you could not borrow on it."

"How did he find out I owned any land?" asked Orde.

"That I couldn't tell you. Must have been a leak somewhere."

Orde did not wish to return to the office until he had worked his problem out, so to find his absence, the color of naturalness he drove back next morning to the boom camp.

In the evening he went direct to Newmark's.

"Mr. Newmark is out, sir," said Mallock and started to close the door.

But Orde thrust his foot and knee in the opening.

"I'll come in and wait," said he quietly.

"Yes, sir; this way, sir," said Mallock, trying to indicate the dining room.

Orde caught the aroma of tobacco. He turned the knob of the door and entered the library.

There he found Newmark in evening dress, seated in a low easy chair beneath a lamp, smoking and reading a magazine. At Orde's appearance in the doorway he looked up calmly, his paper knife poised, keeping the place.

Orde entered the room and mechanically sat down.

"Newmark," Orde began abruptly, "I know all about this arrangement you made with Heinzman."

"I borrowed some money from Heinzman for the firm."

"Yes, and you supplied that money yourself."

Newmark's eyes narrowed.

"Well, what of it?"

"If you had the money to lend why didn't you lend it direct?"

"Because it looks better to mortgage to an outside holder."

"That was not the reason," went on Orde. "You agreed with Heinzman to divide when you succeeded in foreclosing me out of the timberlands given as security. Furthermore, you instructed Floyd to go out on the eve of that blow in spite of his warnings, and you contracted with McLeod for the new vessels, and you've tied us up right and left for the sole purpose of plucking us down where we couldn't meet those notes. That's the only reason you borrowed the seventy-five thousand on your own account—so we couldn't borrow it to save ourselves."

"It strikes me you are interesting, but inconclusive," said Newmark as Orde paused again.

"That sort of thing is somewhat of a facer," went on Orde without the slightest attention to the interjection. "It took me some days to work it out. In all its details, but I believe I understand it all now. I don't quite understand how you discovered about my California timber. That investigation was a very pretty move."

"How the devil did you get on to that?" cried Newmark, startled.

"Then you acknowledge it?"

"Why shouldn't I?" Newmark laughed. "Of course Heinzman blabbed."

Orde half sat on the arm of his chair.

"Now, I'll tell you what we will do in this matter," said he crisply.

"We'll follow," said Newmark, "the original program, as laid down by myself. I'm tired of dealing with blundering fools. Heinzman's mortgage will be foreclosed, and you will hand over as per the agreement your Boom company stock."

JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

RECOMMENDS DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M. D., says editorially:

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Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table:

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middleboro, Portsmouth and Biddeford, 10.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the hour and half past the hour until 10.10 p. m., then 11.15 p. m., Sundays, 6.00 a. m., then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Biddeford, Portsmouth and Middleboro, 5.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the hour and half past the hour until 10.10 p. m., then 11.15 p. m., Sundays, 6.00 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave City Hall, Fall River, for Stone Bridge only, 4.50 p. m., and 6.10 p. m., Sundays, 6.00 a. m., then same as week days.

Return leave Stone Bridge for Fall River, 5.25 p. m., and 6.45 p. m., do not run Sundays.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park, 6.00 a. m., and every fifteen minutes until and including 11.00 p. m., Sundays, 6.30 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner, 11.20 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.25 p. m., Sundays, 6.00 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.15 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.00 p. m., Sundays, 6.00 a. m., then same as week days.

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Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner, 6.30 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.00 p. m., Sundays, 6.00 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park, 6.15 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.00 p. m., Sundays, 6.00 a. m., then same as week days.

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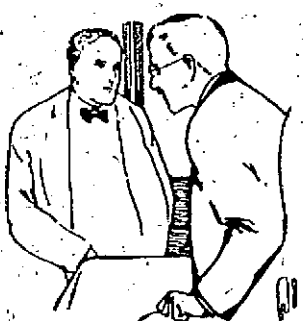
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THE RIVERMAN

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

Newmark leaned back with an amused little chuckle. "If the man hadn't—"



"How the devil did you get on to that?"

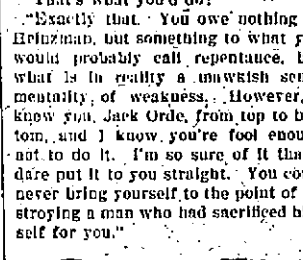
come to you and given the whole show away you'd have lost every cent you owned. And for your benefit I'll tell you what you can easily substantiate. I forced him into this deal with me. I had this bribery case on him. What had the man to gain by telling you? Nothing at all. What had he to lose? Everything; his property, his social position, his daughter's esteem."

He paused a moment to puff at his cigar.

"I'm not much used to giving advice," he went on, "least of all when it is not likely to be taken. But I'll offer you some. Throw Helmsman over. Let him go to the pen. He's been crooked and a fool."

"That's what you'd do?"

"Exactly that. You owe nothing to Helmsman, but something to what you would probably call repentance, but what is in reality a universal sentimentality of weakness. However, I know you, Jack Orde, from top to bottom, and I know you're fool enough not to do it. I'm so sure of it that I dare put it to you straight. You could never bring yourself to the point of destroying a man who had sacrificed himself for you."



"You've convinced me," he said. "I'm a most awful failure. I thought I knew you, but this passes all belief."

Orde brushed this speech aside as irrelevant.

"Our association, of course, comes to an end. There remain the terms of settlement. I could fire you out of this without a cent, and you'd have to get. But that wouldn't be fair. I don't give a hang for you, but it wouldn't be fair to me. Now, as for the northern peninsula timber, you have had several thousand out of that and have lent me the same amount. Call that quits. I will take up your note when it comes due and destroy the one given to Helmsman. For all your holdings in my common business I will give you my note without interest and without time for \$100,000. That is not its face value, nor anything like it, but you have caused me directly and indirectly considerable loss. I don't know how soon I can pay this note, but it will be paid."

"All right," agreed Newmark.

"Does that satisfy you?"

"I suppose it's got to."

"Very well. I have the papers here all made out. They need simply to be signed and witnessed. 'Imbuhl' is the nearest notary. Come," said he.

In silence the two walked the block and a half to the notary's house. Finally the papers were executed. In the street Newmark paused significantly, but Orde did not take the hint.

"Are you coming with me?" asked Newmark.

"I am," replied Orde. "There is one thing more."

In silence once more they returned to the shadowy low library. Newmark threw himself into the armchair. He was once again the coldly calculating, cynical observer. Orde turned to face him.

"You have five days to leave town," he said crisply. "Don't ever show up here again. Let me have your address for the payment of this note."

He took two steps forward.

"You're a dirty, low lived scoundrel. If you think you're going to get off scot free you're mightily mistaken."

Newmark half arose.

"What do you mean?" he asked in some alarm.

"I mean that I'm going to give you about the worst flogging you ever heard tell of," replied Orde, buttoning his coat.

Five minutes later Orde emerged from Newmark's house, softly rubbing the palm of one hand over the knuckles of the other.

He turned out of the side street. His own house lay before him. He stopped, then stole forward softly until he stood looking in through the doorway.

Carroll sat leaning against the golden barn, her shining head with the soft shadows bent until it almost touched the strings. Her hands were straying idly over accustomed chords and rich modulations, the plaintive half music of reverie.

Orde crept to her unheeded. Gently he clasped her. She sank back against his breast with a happy little sigh.

"Kind of fun being married, isn't it, sweetheart?" he said.

"Kind of," she replied, and raised her face to his.

THE END

A Cynical Citizen.

"Is your town improving?"

"Yep," answered Brando Rob. "The figures show that the tone of Crimmon Gulch is improving. The population has decreased 30 per cent in the last year, and I don't know of anybody whose absence wouldn't be a benefit."

—Washington Star.

—Washington Star.

—Washington Star.

—Washington Star.

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"There's your plaything," said he. "So you wanted that child, did you?"

He paused.

"I don't need to tell you that I've got you," said he finally, "nor what I think of you. I can send you over the road for the best part of your natural days; also I've got these notes and the mortgage."

"Quit it," growled Newmark. "Send me up and be d—d!"

"That's the question," went on Orde slowly. "You hurt me pretty bad, Joe. I thought of you as a friend. I had a hard time getting over that part of it. We've been together a good many years now, and as near as I can make out you've been straight as a string with me for eight of them. Then I suppose the chance came and before you knew it you were in over your neck."

"Oh, for God's sake, drop that preaching. It makes me sick!" broke out Newmark.

"I'm not preaching," said Orde, "and even if I were I've paid a good many thousands of dollars, it seems, to buy the right to say what I d—o please. And if you think I'm working up to a Christian forgiveness racket you're mistaken. I'm not. I don't forgive you."

"Well, turn me over to your sheriff and let's get through with this," said Newmark sullenly.

Orde rose.

"Look here, Newmark, that's just what I've been coming to. Just what I've had a hard time to get hold of. I'm not going to hand you over to any sheriff. I'm going to let you off. No," he continued, in response to Newmark's look of incredulous amazement, "I isn't from any fool notion of forgiveness. I told you I didn't forgive you. But I'm not going to burden my future life with you. That's just plain, ordinary selfishness. I suppose I really ought to jug you, but if I do I'll always carry with me the thought that I've taken it on myself to judge a man. And I don't believe any man is competent to judge another."

Newmark, who had listened to this rambling exposition with curiosity, broke into a laugh.

"You've convinced me," he said. "I'm a most awful failure. I thought I knew you, but this passes all belief."

Orde brushed this speech aside as irrelevant.

"Our association, of course, comes to an end. There remain the terms of settlement. I could fire you out of this without a cent, and you'd have to get. But that wouldn't be fair. I don't give a hang for you, but it wouldn't be fair to me. Now, as for the northern peninsula timber, you have had several thousand out of that and have lent me the same amount. Call that quits. I will take up your note when it comes due and destroy the one given to Helmsman. For all your holdings in my common business I will give you my note without interest and without time for \$100,000. That is not its face value, nor anything like it, but you have caused me directly and indirectly considerable loss. I don't know how soon I can pay this note, but it will be paid."

"All right," agreed Newmark.

"Does that satisfy you?"

"I suppose it's got to."

"Very well. I have the papers here all made out. They need simply to be signed and witnessed. 'Imbuhl' is the nearest notary. Come," said he.

In silence the two walked the block and a half to the notary's house. Finally the papers were executed. In the street Newmark paused significantly, but Orde did not take the hint.

"Are you coming with me?" asked Newmark.

"I am," replied Orde. "There is one thing more."

In silence once more they returned to the shadowy low library. Newmark threw himself into the armchair. He was once again the coldly calculating, cynical observer. Orde turned to face him.

"You have five days to leave town," he said crisply. "Don't ever show up here again. Let me have your address for the payment of this note."

He took two steps forward.

"You're a dirty, low lived scoundrel. If you think you're going to get off scot free you're mightily mistaken."

Newmark half arose.

"What do you mean?" he asked in some alarm.

"I mean that I'm going to give you about the worst flogging you ever heard tell of," replied Orde, buttoning his coat.

Five minutes later Orde emerged from Newmark's house, softly rubbing the palm of one hand over the knuckles of the other.

He turned out of the side street. His own house lay before him. He stopped, then stole forward softly until he stood looking in through the doorway.

Carroll sat leaning against the golden barn, her shining head with the soft shadows bent until it almost touched the strings. Her hands were straying idly over accustomed chords and rich modulations, the plaintive half music of reverie.

Orde crept to her unheeded. Gently he clasped her. She sank back against his breast with a happy little sigh.

"Kind of fun being married, isn't it, sweetheart?" he said.

"Kind of," she replied, and raised her face to his.

THE END

A Cynical Citizen.

"Is your town improving?"

"Yep," answered Brando Rob. "The figures show that the tone of Crimmon Gulch is improving. The population has decreased 30 per cent in the last year, and I don't know of anybody whose absence wouldn't be a benefit."

—Washington Star.

—Washington Star.

—Washington Star.

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Tales For a Winter Evening

The Mark on the Door

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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ONE nice moonlight evening me and Cap'n Joudab and Peter T. was sitting on the starboard end of the piazza at the Old Home smoking when who should heave in sight but Cap'n Eri Hedge and Obed Nickerson.

After a spell somebody mentioned the Todds, and I spun my yarn about the bulky mare and the Greased Lightning. It tickled 'em most to death, especially Obed.

"Ho, ho," says he. "That's funny, ain't it? Them pover bonts are great things, ain't they? I had an experience in one—or, rather, in two—a spell ago. West Bayport, where my shanty and the big Davidson summer place and the Saunders' house was, used to be called Punkhasset, which is Injun for the last place the Almighty made. Claims was thick on the flats at low tide, and fish was middling plenty in the bay. I had two weirs set—one a deep water weir, a half mile beyond the bar, and t'other just inside of it that I could drive out to at low water.

"The yarn begins one morning when I went down to the shore after clams. I'd noticed the signs then. They was stuck up right across the path—No Trespassing on These Premises and All Persons Are Forbidden Crossing This Property Under Penalty of the Law. But, land, I'd used that short cut ever since I'd been in Bayport, which was more'n a year, and old man Davidson and me was good friends, so I caltated the signs was intended for boys, and hove ahead without paying much attention to 'em. Course I knew that the old man had gone abroad, and that the son was expected down, but that didn't come to me at the time neither.

"I was heading for home about 8 with two big dreemers full of clams when somebody remarks, 'Here, you!' and there, bustling across the field in my direction, was an exhibit which it turned out later was ticketed with the name of Alpheus Vandergraff Parker Davidson—'Allie' for short.

"And Allie was a good deal of an exhibit in his way. His togs were cut to fit his spurs, and he carried 'em well, but I didn't like his eyes. They looked kind of tired, as if they'd seen 'bout all there was to see of some kinds of life. Twenty-four-year-old eyes hadn't ought to look that way.

"But I wasn't interested in eyes just then. All I could look at was teeth. There they was, a lovely set of 'em, in the mouth of the ugliest specimen of a bowlegged bulldog that ever tried to hang itself at the end of a chain. Allie was holding t'other end of the



"Tean't worth while to argue."

chain with both hands, and they were full at that. The dog was yearning, just dying, to taste of a middle aged longshoreman by the name of Obed Nickerson.

"Here, you!" says Allie again. "What are you crossing this field for? Did you see those signs?"

"Yes," says I. "I saw 'em. They're real neat and pretty."

"Pretty?" He fairly choked, he was so mad. "Why, you cheeky, long legged Jay," he says, "I'll—What are you crossing this field for?"

"So's to get to t'other side of it, I guess," says I. "I was riling up a bit myself."

"Look here!" he says. "I know who you are. I put those signs up," he says, "to keep just such fellers as you are off my property. They mean that you ain't to cross the field. Understand?"

"I understood. I was mad clean through, but I'm law abiding, generally speaking. 'All right,' I says, plecting up my dreemers and starting for the farther fence. 'I won't cross it again.'"

"You won't cross it now," says he. "Go back where you come from."

"That was a grain too much. I told him a few things. He didn't wait for the benediction. 'Take him, Prince!' he says, dropping the chain.

"I'd seen lots funnier things myself, but 'twasn't worth while to argue. Besides, I was busy hanging on to that tree. 'Twas an awful little pine and the bendest one I ever climbed. Allie rolled around awhile longer, and then he gets up and comes over.

"Well, Heuben," says he, looking up at me on the roof, 'you're a good deal handsomer up there than you are on the ground. I guess I'll let you stay there for awhile as a lesson to you. Watch him, Prince.' And away he goes, and for an hour that had no less than 60,000 minutes in it I clung to that tree like a green apple, with Prince setting open mouthed underneath waiting for me to get ripe and drop.

"Just as I was figuring that I was growing fast to the limb I heard somebody calling my name. I unglued my eyes from the dog and looked up, and there, looking over the fence that I'd tried so hard to reach, was Barbara Saunders, Cap'n Eben Saunders' girl, who lived in the house next door to mine.

"Barbara was always a pretty girl, and that morning she looked prettier than ever, with her black hair blowing every which way and her black eyes snapping full of laugh.

"Why, Mr. Nickerson!" she calls. "What are you doing up in that tree?"

"That was kind of a puzzler to answer offhand, and I don't know what I'd have said if Friend Allie hadn't hove in sight just then and saved me the trouble.

"'Reg'ardon, I'm sure," says Allie, tossing away his cigarette. "May I ask if that—er—deep sea gentleman in my tree is a friend of yours?"

"Barbara kind of laughed and dropped her eyes and said why, yes, I was. 'By Jove, he's luckier than I thought,' says Allie, never taking his eyes from her face. 'And what do they call him, please, when they want him to answer?'"

"It's Mr. Nickerson," says Barbara. "He lives in that house there, the one this side of ours."

"Oh, a neighbor! That's different. Awfully sorry, I'm sure. Prince, come here. Er—Nickerson, for the lady's sake we'll call it off. You may—er—vacate the perch."

"I waited till he'd got a clove hitch on to Prince. He had to give him one or two wells over the head 'fore he could do it. The dog acted like he'd been cheated. Then I pried myself loose from that blessed limb and shinned down to solid ground. My, but I was billing himself!

"You see," says Allie, talking to Barbara, the gov'nor told me he'd been plagued with trespassers, so I thought I'd give 'em a lesson. But neighbors, when they're scarce as ours are, ought to be friends. Don't you think so, Miss—er—Nickerson," says he, introducing me to our other neighbor.

"So I had to do it, though I didn't want to. He turned loose some soft soap about not realizing afore what a beautiful place the Cape was. I thought 'twas time to go.

"But Miss Saunders hasn't answered my question yet," says Allie. "Don't you think neighbors ought to be friends, Miss Saunders?"

"Barbara blushed and laughed and said she guessed they had. Then she walked away. I started to follow, but Allie stopped me.

"Look here, Nickerson," says he. "I let you off this time, but don't try it again. Do you hear?"

"I hear," says I. "You and that hyena of yours have had all the fun this morning. Some day maybe the boot'll be on t'other leg."

"Barbara was waiting for me. We walked on together without speaking for a minute. Then I says, to myself like: 'So that's old man Davidson's son, is it? Well, he's the prize peach in the crate, he is!'

"Barbara was thinking too. 'He's very nice looking, isn't he?' says she. 'Twas what you'd expect a girl to say, but I hated to hear her say it. I went home and marked a big chalk mark on the inside of my shanty door, signifying that I had a debt to pay some time or other.

"So that's how I got acquainted with Allie V. P. Davidson. And, what's full as important, that's how he got acquainted with Barbara Saunders.

"Shutting an innocent canary bird up in the same room with a healthy cat is a more or less risky proposition for the bird. Same way if you take a pretty country girl who's been to sea with her dad most of the time and tied to the apron strings of a deaf old aunt in a house three miles from nowhere—you take that girl, I say, and then fetch along as next door neighbor a good looking young shark like Allie, with a hoghead of money and a blame sight too much experience, and that's a risky proposition for the girl.

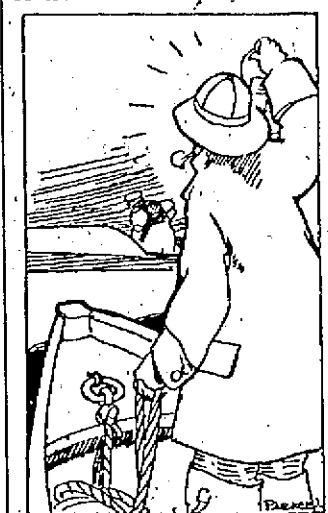
"Allie played his cards well. He'd set into a good many similar games afore, I judge. He begun by doing little favors for Phoebe Ann—she was the deaf aunt I mentioned—and 'twasn't long afore he was as solid with the old lady as a hedge anchor. Cap'n Eben was on a yape to Buenos Aires and wouldn't be home till fall. 'Twasn't likely.

"I used to see Allie scooting round in his launch—twenty-five foot she was, with a little mahogany cabin and the land knows what—and the servants at the big house told me yarns about his owning a big steam yacht, with a sailing master and crew, which was cruising round Newport some-where.

"But, busy as I was, I see enough to make me worried. There was a good deal of whispering over the Saunders' back gate after supper, and once, when I come up over the bluff from the shore sudden, they was sitting together on a rock, and he had his arm round her waist. I dropped a hint to Phoebe

Ann, but she shut me up quick with a snap hinge watchbox. Allie had charmed 'auntie' all right. And so it drifted along till September.

"One Monday evening about the middle of the month I went over to Phoebe Ann's to borrow some matches.



Allie was there fustling with his engine. Cap'n Eben had arrived in New York a good deal sooner 'n was expected and would be home on Thursday morning.

"Ain't that splendid?" says Phoebe. "I thought 'twas splendid for more reasons than one, and I went out feeling good. But as I come around the corner of the house there was somebody by the back gate, and I heard a girl's voice saying: 'Oh, no, no! I can't! I can't!'

"Barbara come hurrying past me into the house, and by the light from the back door I see her face. 'Twas white as a clam shell, and she looked frightened to death.

"Thinks I: 'That's funny! It's a providence Eben's coming home so soon.'"

"And the next day I saw her again, and she was just as white and wouldn't look me in the eye. Wednesday, though, I felt better, for the servants on the Davidson place told me that Allie had gone to Boston on the morning train to be gone for good.

"Early that afternoon I noticed a steam yacht at anchor two mile or so off the bar. Then I see a ducky with three men aboard rowing in, and I walked down the beach to meet 'em. There was a feller in a uniform cap steering the ducky, and, 'I love it or not, I'll be everlastingly keeled if he didn't turn out to be Ben Henry, who was second mate with me on the old Seafarer.

"Well, Ben," says I after we laid shook hands, 'my shanty ain't exactly the United States hotel for gift paint and bill of fare, but I have got eight or ten gallons of homemade cherry rum and some tuckered and an extra pipe. You fall into my wake.'"

"I'd like to, Obed," he says. "I'd like to alight, well, but I've got to go up to the store and buy some stuff. You see, we got orders to sail in a tearing hurry, and—"

"Send one of them to-mast hands to the store," says I. "You got to come with me."

"You buy so and so," says he to his men, passing 'em a ten dollar bill. 'And, mind, you don't know nothing. If anybody asks, remember that yacht's the Mermaid—M-u-r-m-a-d-e,' he says, and she belongs to Mr. Jones of Mobile, Ga."

"So the men went away, and me and Ben headed for my shanty, where we moored abreast of each other at the table, with a jug between us for a buoy, so's to speak, and the tide went out in the jug consider'ble sight faster than 'twas ebbing on the flats. After a spell I asked him about the man that owned the yacht.

"Who? Oh—er—Brown," he says. "Why, he's—"

"Brown?" says I. "Thought you said 'twas Jones? Who does own that yacht, anyway?"

"He looked at me mighty solemn—cherry rum solemn. 'Obed,' he says, 'you're a good feller. Don't give me away now or I'll lose my berth. The man that owns that yacht's named Davidson, and he's got a summer place right in this town.'"

"Davidson?" says I. "Davidson? Not young Allie Davidson?"

"That's him," says he. "And he's the blunkiest blunkiest meanest low down cub on earth. There! I feel some better. Give me another drink to take the taste of him out of my mouth."

"But young Davidson's gone to Boston," I says. "Went this morning."

"That be langed!" says Ben. "All I know is that I got a dispatch from him at Newport on Monday afternoon telling me to have the yacht abreast this town at 12 o'clock tonight, 'cause he was coming off to her then in his launch with a friend. Friend! And he laughed and winked his starboard eye.

"I didn't say much, being too busy 'stinking, but Ben went on telling about other cruises with 'friends. Oh, a steam yacht can be a first class institution of hell if the right law owns her! Henry got speaking of one time down along the Maine coast.

"But," says I, referring to what he was telling, 'if she was such a nice girl and come from such nice folks, how—"

"How do I know?" says he. "Promises to marry and such kind of lies, I s'pose. And the plain fact is that he's really engaged to marry a swell girl in Newport."

"He told me her name and a lot more about her. All I could think was: 'Obed, it's up to you. You've got to do something.'"

"I was mighty glad when the sailors hailed from the shore and Ben had to go. He most cried when he said goodby and went away, stepping high and bringing his heels down hard.

"Two and two made four. Anyway, I could add it up, but 'twas all suspicion and no real proof—that was the dickens of it. I couldn't speak to Phoebe Ann. She wouldn't believe me if I did. I couldn't telegraph Cap'n Eben at Provincetown to come home that night. I'd have to tell him the whole thing, and I knew his temper. So for Barbara's sake 'twouldn't do. I couldn't be at the shore to stop the

maube leaving. What right had I to stop another man's launch, even—"

"I went up to the store and bought four feet of medium size rubber hose and some rubber tape, same as they sell to bicycle fellers in the summer. 'Twas almost dark when I got back in sight of Allie's launch. Nobody was in sight. I ran down the pier and jumped aboard. Almost the first thing I put my hand on was what I was looking for—the big pump.

"I fished one end of my hose to the lower end of that pump, ran my hose down into the tank and commenced to pump good 14 cents a gallon gasoline aboard to beat the cars. 'Twas a thirty gallon tank and full up. I pumped her dry. Then I screwed the cap on again and went home, taking Allie's big pump with me. The tide was coming in fast.

"At 9 o'clock that night I was in my skiff, rowing off to where my power boat laid in deep water back of the bar. All I could think of was that gasoline. Was there enough in the pipes and the feed cup on that launch to carry her out to where I was, or was there too much, and would she make the yacht after all?"

"It got to be 11 o'clock. Tide was full at 12. I was a pretty good candidate for the crazy booze by this time. I'd listened till my eardrums felt a-choke. Like they needed reeling, and then at last I heard her coming—chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff."

"And how she did come! She walked up abreast of me, went past me, a hundred yards or so off. Thinks I: 'It's all up. He's going to make it.'"

"And then all at once the chuff-chuffing stopped, started up and stopped again. I gave a hurrin in my mind, set the light between my feet, picked up the oars and started rowing.

"I rowed quiet as I could, but he heard me 'fore I got to him. I heard a scrambling noise off ahead, and then a shaky voice hollers: 'Hello! Who's that?'

"It's me," says I, rowing harder 'n ever. "Who are you? What's the row?"

"There was more scrambling and a slam, like a door shutting. In another two minutes I was alongside the launch and held up my lantern. Allie was there, fustling with his engine. And he wis all alone.

"Aloie he was, I say, for 's a body could see, but he was mighty shaky and frightened; also 'side of him, on the cushions, was a girl's jacket, and I thought I'd seen that jacket afore.

"Hello!" says I. "Is that you, Mr. Davidson? Thought you'd gone to Boston."

"Changed my mind," he says. "Got any gasoline?"

"What you doing off here this time of night?" I says.

"Going out to my— He stopped. I spoke the truth choked him. 'I was going to Provincetown,' he went on. 'Got any gasoline?'

"What in the nation you starting to Provincetown in the middle of the night for? I asks, innocent as could be.

"Oh, thunder! I had business there; that's all. Got any gasoline?"

"I made my skiff's painter fast to a cleat on the launch and climbed aboard. 'Gasoline?' says I. 'Gasoline? Why, yes; I've got some gasoline over my power boat out yonder. Has yours give out? I should think you'd filled your tank 'fore you left home on such a trip as Provincetown. Maybe the pipe's plugged or something. Have you looked? And I caught hold of the handle of the cabin door.

"Takin' plugged!" he yells, sharp. "The tank's empty, I tell you."

"He kept pulling me away from the cabin, but I hung on to the handle. 'You can't be too sure,' I says. 'This door's locked. Give me the key.'"

"I—I left the key at home," he says. "Don't waste time! Go over to your boat and fetch me some gasoline. I'll pay you well for it."

"Then I was griffin of what I suspected. The cabin was locked, but not with the key. That was in the keyhole. The door was bolted on the inside.

"All right," says I. "I'll sell you the gasoline, but you'll have to go with me in the skiff to get it. Get your anchor over or this craft'll drift to Eastham. Hurry up!"

"He didn't like the idee of leaving the launch, but I wouldn't hear of anything else. While he was heaving the anchor I commenced to talk to him.

"I didn't know but what you'd started for foreign parts to meet that Newport girl you're going to marry," I says, and I spoke good and loud.

"What's that?" he shouts.

"Why, that girl you're engaged to," says I. "Miss—!" And I yelled her name and how she'd gone abroad with his folks, and all.

"Shut up!" he whispers, waving his hands, frantic. "Don't stop to lie. Hurry up!"

"Takin' a lie. Oh, I know about it!" he hollers, as if he was deaf. "I meant to be heard—by him and anybody else that might be interested. I give a whole lot more particulars too. He fairly shoved me into the skiff after a spell.

"Now," he says, so mad he could hardly speak, stop your lying and row, will you?"

"I was willing to row then. I caltated I'd done some missionary work by this time. Allie's guns was spiked. If I knew Barbara Saunders, I pined the skiff the way she'd ought to go and laid to the oars.

"My plan had been to get him aboard the skiff and row somewhere—ashore if I could. But 'twas otherwise laid out for me. The wind was blowing pretty fresh, and the skiff was down by the stern, so's the waves kept knocking her nose round. 'Twas darker 'n a pocket too. I couldn't tell where I was going.

"Allie got more fidgety every minute. 'Ain't we most there?' he asks. And then he gives a screech. 'What's that ahead?'

"I got him by the collar, took one stroke and bumped against the weir nets. 'You know what a fish weir's like, don't you, Mr. Brown?—a kind of pound made of nets hung on ropes between poles.

"'Help!' yells Allie, clawing the nets. 'I can't swim in rough water!'

"You might have known he couldn't. It looked sort of dubious for a jiffy. Then I had an idee. I dragged him to the highest weir pole. 'Climb!' I hollers in his ear. 'Climb that pole!'

"He done it somehow, digging his toes into the net and going up like a cat up a tree. When he got to the top he hung across the rope and shook.

"Hang on there!" says I. "I'm going after the boat! And I struck out. He yelled to me not to leave him, but the weir had give me my bearings, and I was bound for my power boat. 'Twas a tough swim, but I made it and climbed aboard, not feeling any too happy. Losing a good skiff was more'n I'd bargained on.

"Soon's I got some breath I hauled anchor, started my engine and headed back for the weir. I ran alongside of it, keeping a good lookout for guy ropes, and when I got abreast of that particular pole I looked for Allie. He was setting on the rope, a straddle of the pole, and laughing on to the top of it like it owed him money. He looked a good deal more comfortable than I was when he and Prince had treed me. And the remembrance of that time come back to me, and one of them things they call inspiration come with it. He was four feet above water, 'twas full tide then, and if he let still he was safe as a church.

"So instead of running in after him I slowed way down and backed off.

"Come here!" he yells. "Come here, you fool, and take me aboard!"

"Oh, I don't know," says I. "You're safe there, and even if the yacht folks don't come punting for you by and by, which I caltate they will, the tide'll be low enough in five hours or so so's you can walk ashore."

"What—what do you mean?" he says. "Ain't you going to take me off?"

"I was," says I, 'but I've changed my plans. And, Mr. Allie Vandergraff, what's your name Davidson, there's other things—low down, mean things—planned for this night that ain't going to come off either. Understand that, do you?"

"He understood, I guess. He didn't answer at all, only gurgled, like he'd swallowed something the wrong way. 'As a sarth acquaintance of mine once said to me,' I says, 'you look a good deal handsomer up there than you do in a boat.'"

"You—you—secretary and so forth, continued in our next," says he, or words to that effect.

"That's all right," says I, 'putting on the power. 'You've got no kick coming. I allow you to—er—ornament my weir pole, and 'tude't every dude. I'd let do that.'"

"And I went away and, as the Fifth Reader used to say, let him alone in his glory."

"I went back to the launch, pulled up her anchor and took her in tow. I towed her in to her pier, made her fast and then left her for awhile. When I come back the little cabin door was open and the girl's jacket was gone."

"Then I walked up the path to the Saunders' house, and it done me good to see a light in Barbara's window. I got on the steps of that house until morning keeping watch. And in the morning the yacht was gone and the weir pole was vacant, and Cap'n Eben Saunders come on the first train.

"So that's all there is to it. Allie hasn't come back to Bayport since, and the last I heard he'd married that Newport girl. She has my sympathy, if that's any comfort to her.

"And Barbara? Well, for a long time she'd turn white every time I met her. But of course I kept my mouth shut, and she went to sea next y'age with her dad. And now I hear she's engaged to a nice feller up to Boston.

"Oh, yes—one thing more. When I got back to my shanty that morning I wiped the chalk mark off the door. I kind of figured that I'd paid that debt, with back interest added."

PARIS RAGPICKERS.

An Occupation That Is Passed Along From Father to Son.

The ragpickers of Paris are born to their work, the occupation being passed on from father to son for generations. Each ragpicker family has its own district, which is inherited by the children and grandchildren.

In spite of all the progress made in modern and elegant Paris barrels of waste are piled up on the streets in front of many buildings on beautiful boulevards in the early morning hours, and it is the privilege and in fact the mission of the ragpickers to examine this refuse.

They have use for everything, and but little is left after they have passed, their thoroughness being one reason why the system is still allowed. Every scrap of paper has its market; rags are gathered for paper manufacturers; shoes go back to leather dealers.

Old sardine and preserved meat tins are used for making playthings, old bones produce gelatin and glue, lemons and orange peels are greatly sought after and sold at the rate of a cent a pound to perfume and strip manufacturers, old metals are highly prized, cigar stubs go to tobacco factories, and even stale vegetables are carted away.

The quarters of the ragpickers of Paris are just outside the confines of the city—sections carefully avoided by most people who do not belong to the guild. Every member of the family, from the oldest to the three-year-old, takes part in the sorting of the spoils, and it often happens that members of a family die either from poisoning from stale food or from a cut from one of the tins—Popular Mechanics.

The Higher Criticism.

The Clergyman—But, my friend, why make use of such abominable oaths? The Motorcyclist—Abominable! Do you know any better ones?—Harper's Weekly.

SAFES IN BIG HOTELS.

Valuables Kept In Them by Guests For Years at a Time.

A woman walked up to the counter of a fashionable hotel and asked for a package of valuables which was in the safe.

"If I had not wanted one particular thing I suppose I should have left the package where it was for another three years," she said to the clerk.

"Yes," said the clerk in answer to a question after the woman left, "that packet had really been in our safe for three years. Why, we have all sorts of valuable papers, jewelry and even money that are entrusted to our keeping for years at a time. People seem to prefer a hotel safe to a safety deposit vault. One reason perhaps is that it costs nothing. Another is that the standard of hotel clerks has improved.

"It is astonishing the amount of jewelry that people keep in hotel safes. Of course the owners have originally stopped in the hotel, but they go away, leaving their valuables, and I have known such persons to be gone as much as two years and never make an inquiry about their property in that time.

"To show you how much confidence people have in hotels and their employees I might mention that the other day a man came in here and put four \$1,000 bills in an envelope, wrote his name on the latter and asked me to put it in the safe. Not long ago another man actually did the same thing with seven \$10,000 bills.

"The clerks of several other hotels talked in a similar strain without any outside suggestion.

"I'll bet I have handled more than a million dollars' worth of jewelry today," said one. "Look here," and he opened the safe and piled six or eight big jewelry cases on the counter, but hurriedly put them back. "In one of those I know there is over \$200,000 worth, and what I showed you was only a few of what the safe contains."

—New York Sun.

A RESTRAINING HAND.

Its Action Followed by a Voice That Warned.

"Patrick H. McCarren once told me of a funny incident that happened in Rome," said a Brooklyn lawyer. "McCarren said that on his first visit to Rome, after he had seen the Coliseum and the Forum, he visited the Ara Coeli church, on the left of the Capitoline hill. He climbed the grand staircase leading to the church, the finest open air stairway in the world. He pushed back the heavy leather curtain, and, entering, he found a service in progress. So he put his hat on the marble floor at his side and took a seat.

"After ten minutes or so he decided he would go and reached down for his

Home Course In Domestic Science

X.—The Modern Kitchen

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa
State College.

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Association.

CONSIDERING the importance of the kitchen to the rest of the house, it seems strange that it should very often be the least attractive room from every point of view in the house. We find it tucked off in some dark corner with little or no ventilation, its wall and floor covering dark and dingy and its equipment so meager it would be impossible to find any pleasure in working with them.

The kitchen is the workshop of the home. Its arrangement, pleasant or otherwise, very often gives the keynote of conditions in the home. My idea of a real kitchen is this: It should be as bright and cheery as any room in the house. I would much prefer a gloomy parlor than a dark, unpleasant kitchen. If possible I should have a north or east exposure. This would insure sunlight in the morning and a cool breeze on hot summer afternoons. Then I should be careful to have a good view from the kitchen window, something beautiful to look out upon, like a stately tree, a bit of green lawn or a trim vegetable garden. The outlook from kitchens in towns and cities is too often brick walls of adjoining buildings, nasty back yards or high board fences. From kitchens in the country we often look out upon an unsightly woodpile or baryard filled with a clutter of old farm implements. With such daily views it is no wonder if the women, who must spend three-fourths of their time in the kitchen, have very little love for housework.

There should be at least two windows and, if possible, an outside door opposite one window in order to have good ventilation at all times. The kitchen should not be unnecessarily large, but its size will depend on the number of persons in the family and the amount of work that is to be done

feet. Then there is the painted floor, which has both advantages and disadvantages, chief among the latter being not very durable qualities. The kitchen floor should not be covered with carpet, because that is unsanitary, neither should it be covered with any covering and so require scrubbing. This is one of the items of work which should be eliminated from the housekeeper's schedule. The white tiled floors, tables, etc., are attractive to the eye and a joy to a certain type of housekeeper, but they represent too much energy and labor to be included in modern methods. Floors should be covered with some material easily cleaned, and tables, sinks, shelves, etc., should be painted or covered with zinc, tile or oilcloth. The blue table and the tile sink are a lasting pleasure and lessen work to such an extent that they seem more than pay for the initial cost.

Kitchen Furniture.
This should be simple, durable and adequate for the needs of the housekeeper. The kind and number of pieces will largely depend on the character of the home. But in every kitchen there should be a good range, at least one work table and a convenient sink supplied with running water and modern plumbing. These three articles should be near neighbors because they are so frequently used at the same time.

Whatever the fuel—coal, wood, gas or gasoline—it should be burned in a good range, one that is perfect in all its parts and equipped with a good baking oven. No part of the housefurnishing is more important than the kitchen stove and no piece of farm machinery, however necessary, should be bought by sacrificing the new stove. Since the preparation of food for the table is an absolute necessity in every home, the stove, whatever its style, should be as good as any part of the equipment of the entire establishment.

The work table should be high enough that the worker need not stand in an uncomfortable position while ironing or baking. Kitchen tables are made thirty inches high, which is not enough for a woman five feet six inches in height, and to bend over it, as she always must, results in an unnecessary weariness or backache. Either the low table should be set upon supports or a higher one should be ordered. The high stool is a staple piece of furniture which should be in every kitchen. It can be slipped under the work table when not in use and is a convenient seat while preparing vegetables, ironing and doing the numberless other tasks which can be performed sitting just as well as standing.

A clock is necessary in the kitchen, also a pair of strong scissors, a pin-cushion with pins and some coarse needles and thread, both white and black. These are constantly needed, and it makes unnecessary steps to be obliged to go to the living room for them. It is hardly possible to have too many drawers, shelves and cupboards, and yet these ought not to be used to encourage disorderliness. There is sometimes a temptation to hide away things in cupboards or drawers that would better be destroyed at once than have them add to the task of straightening up later on.

The modern kitchen may have other useful pieces of furniture in addition to the above, if there is money enough to provide them. Among these may be mentioned a water or electric motor or even a small one horsepower gasoline engine, any one of which will run the washing machine, mangle, churn, cream separator and can be attached to the sewing machine. This little contrivance is not so expensive that it need be excluded from even moderate homes, considering the amount of work it will accomplish and the strength it will save. When a woman is obliged to do all her housework it ought certainly to be counted as one of the necessities. The kitchen cabinet with separate compartments for all kinds of groceries and supplies is sometimes preferred to the pantry. It is entirely a matter of personal preference which should be chosen; for both are most convenient. Reasonable care must, however, be taken not to leave groceries lying about loosely in the cabinet, for these will attract insects as well as mice. But the housekeeper endowed with even the most ordinary degree of order may easily avoid such a misfortune.

The electric or gasoline iron is a handy little appliance for making kitchen work lighter and is inexpensive when usefulness and labor saving qualities are balanced with dollars and cents. In the country, of course, the gasoline iron is generally the only one possible, but these have now been brought to a degree of perfection that makes them satisfactory.

The Use of the Kitchen.
One last important point to remember in furnishing a kitchen is that its real purpose is a workshop, not a living or dining room. A workshop should have its tools conveniently arranged within easy reach of the workman. All utensils and evidences of kitchen work should not be kept in other parts of the house or stowed away in obscure places in order that the room may be presentable when strangers come. The modern kitchen is not intended to fill the place of a reception room, and only in exceptional cases should it be used as a dining room.

Wall and Floor Covering.
The kitchen to be sanitary in every particular should be finished in some way that will permit of frequent washing. The best wall covering is the simplest and most easily cared for material that can be purchased. There is nothing better for this purpose than sanding, a material similar to oilcloth. The first cost is a little more than paint or tiling, but when carefully applied it is more lasting. Sanitas is put on with paste in horizontal strips around the room. The edge of each piece must be pasted down securely, and care should be taken to avoid wrinkles. If a tablespoonful of molasses is added to each quart of paste it will stick more firmly.

The painted wall is suitable for finish and paint provided a flat finish is given and a color used in preference to white. A glossy surface, particularly a white one, is hard on the eyes and becomes very monotonous. Wall paper is not a desirable covering for a kitchen wall because it absorbs moisture and odors and cannot be cleaned satisfactorily.

For the floor the best covering is in-tiled linoleum. This to my mind is better than the polished floor, which is always slippery and is hard on the

Home Course In Domestic Science

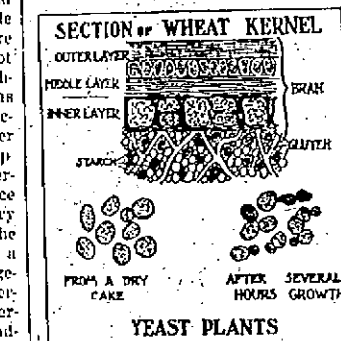
XI.—The Process of Breadmaking.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
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Association.

NEXT to milk there is no food more generally used by civilized nations than bread. To the average housekeeper there is probably no part of the regular cooking more important or worthy of her best attention than breadmaking. To be able to make a well risen, good flavored, well baked loaf of wheat bread is the goal of the young aspirant for culinary fame. One has only to attend county fairs, farmers' institutes, and meetings of other organizations where pantry stores and baked goods are entered in contest to see quickly that it is in the bread that the greatest interest centers. And all this is as it should be, for bread is one of our best simple foods. With the addition of a little butter or eaten with a glass of milk, it furnishes a nutritious, well balanced diet upon which one could subsist and maintain good health for an indefinite length of time, provided one did not weary of the sameness.

With a practical knowledge of certain principles governing alcoholic fermentation as produced in breadmaking, also some knowledge of the difference in flours, and with careful at-



tention to these points, breadmaking is really a very simple process. Without this knowledge or attention there will ever be mystery and uncertainty about it, and there will always be different results.

There are only four ingredients absolutely necessary for the making of a loaf of raised wheat bread. They are good bread flour, fresh yeast, liquid—either milk or water—and salt. Other ingredients are often used, but they are not necessary. For instance, shortening is sometimes added. This makes a richer loaf. Sugar, too, may be used in small quantity. This hastens the growth of the yeast plants. Potato water occasionally replaces the milk or water and makes a moist loaf, while potatoes and hop water form a mixture in which the yeast colonies are quickly started. But good bread can be made without the addition of any of these things.

Flour Used in Breadmaking.

In order that we may have a well raised light loaf it is necessary to use a flour containing a large per cent of gluten. This is the flour made from the so called "hard" wheats. Soft flour has less water than the flour made from the "soft" wheat, therefore, mixed with a liquid, gives a larger loaf. Gluten is a grayish, rubber-like substance found in flour after the starch has been washed out. It is the "gum" obtained from chewing a handful of wheat, as known by most people who have spent their childhood in the country. This very character of gluten makes it necessary in breadmaking. It stretches and stretches, forming little pockets in which the gas is retained in the loaf until it is baked. The heat of the oven hardens the gluten quickly before it has had time to relax, and so the loaf keeps its puffed shape.

Good bread flour should be white, with just a suggestion of yellow. After being pressed in the hand it should fall loosely apart. If it keeps the impress of the palm or remains in lumps it has too much moisture. When rubbed between the thumb and finger there should be a slight grittiness; it should not feel too smooth or powdery.

What Is Yeast?

This useful agent in breadmaking is as old as the hills, and its action is better understood when one is familiar with it. Yeast is a microscopic plant, consisting of a single round or oval cell. The rapidity with which it grows and reproduces itself gives it much of its importance. It reproduces either by sending out buds which break off as new plants or by forming spores which will grow into new plants under favorable conditions.

Like all plants, yeast requires heat, moisture and food in order to grow. The degree of heat at which it grows best is from 75 to 90 degrees, and this is the temperature at which bread should be kept throughout the process of making. If it were not for the liquid used in breadmaking the yeast would not have sufficient moisture and would not grow any more than it does in the dry cake.

The food of the yeast plant is sugar, and this is obtained by a chemical change being produced in the starch of the flour, changing part of it into sugar. This results in a fermentation of the products of which are alcohol and carbon dioxide gas—the gas which makes the bread light. The average housekeeper is familiar with yeast or leaven in three forms—that which she makes herself by combining potatoes, flour, hot water and a "starter" left from a

previous baking; also the dry and compressed yeasts. The last two are practically the same, the dry yeast having been mixed with more flour or cornmeal in order to preserve the plants for a longer time. The chief difference between these three forms of leaven is in the number and kind of yeast plants which they contain. The compressed yeast—the small "square cake" which comes wrapped in tin foil—contains the largest number of plants and so is able to produce the greatest amount of gas in a given time, making it possible to finish the bread in fewer hours. The commercial yeasts are supposed to be what is known as a "pure culture"—in other words, one variety of plants—therefore is more uniform in strength and composition.

Yeast plants exist in the air, and it is upon these we depend in making "salt rising" bread. The flour and water, with a little salt are mixed into a batter, then set aside in a warm place to ferment. It contains sufficient gas to make it dough when full of holes or when like a sponge, and this fermentation has been caused by the action of the wild yeasts in the air.

The Process of Breadmaking.

This article is in no sense an explanation of all the scientific technicalities of breadmaking because the subject is too big and complicated to be thoroughly treated in a column or two. It is simply an attempt to outline some of the principles to be observed and to give a few helpful suggestions to women who may not have a satisfactory method of their own. The following recipe is for bread made with compressed yeast, and when care is taken to maintain an even temperature, about 80 degrees, throughout the process the bread should be ready for the oven in about four hours from the time it is started. The special advantage of the compressed yeast is that it is more rapid, and when it is used need not be set overnight.

Compressed Yeast Bread.

Add two tablespoonfuls of shortening (butter or lard), one tablespoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt and one cake of compressed yeast dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of cold water to one pint of scalded milk or one-half milk and one-half water. Then stir in flour until dough is stiff enough to beat vigorously. Turn on molding board and knead until dough does not stick to the board, using more flour as necessary. A little at a time. Put in a well greased bowl and brush surface lightly with melted butter to keep from crusty over. Cover with towel and let rise again until double its size (about three hours). At the end of that time mold into rolls or loaves and put into greased pans, brushing the surface with melted butter. Cover as before and set to rise until double its size; then bake.

Bread should be baked as soon as it is sufficiently light, and the oven should be hot enough to brown flour in fifteen minutes, about 300 degrees. At this temperature ordinary sized loaves of bread should be browned all over.

Bread should be turned from pan as soon as taken from oven and placed uncovered in such a position that all sides will be exposed to the air, not allowing it to come in contact with anything which will give it an unpleasant odor or taste. When cold it should be put into a box or jar to which the air can have access and be kept in a dry, cool place. This amount of yeast will raise three times as much flour and other ingredients if longer time is given for it to become light.

One point in which many first class breadmakers often fail is in the baking. Bread to be thoroughly digestible should be thoroughly baked. The ordinary sized loaf requires from one hour and a quarter to one hour and a half to bake sufficiently, and that this may be accomplished without burning, the oven should not be too hot in the beginning. The bread should not begin to brown until after the first ten minutes.

Many changes take place in bread during the baking. The yeast plants are killed by the high temperature, the gas expands, making the loaf still lighter, the fermentation is stopped, the alcohol is driven off and a large amount of the moisture is evaporated. Also the browning of the crust increases the ease with which the loaf is digested, and the action of the yeast on the gluten is also supposed to aid its digestion.

Whole Wheat Bread.

Scald a cupful of milk, take from the fire and add a heaping teaspoonful of salt, a level teaspoonful of sugar and a tablespoonful of shortening. Add a cupful of cold water to the scalded milk and when the mixture is lukewarm add one-half yeast cake that has been dissolved in one-half cupful of lukewarm water. Beat in enough whole wheat flour to make a rather thin batter, beat well, cover and set aside until light. Then stir in as much more whole wheat flour as you can beat in with a spoon. It must be stiff. Beat well, turn into greased tins, or rise until light, then bake an hour in a moderate oven.

Diabetic Bread.

Take one quart of sweet milk, one heaping teaspoonful of good butter, one-fifth of a cake of compressed yeast beaten up with a little water and two eggs well beaten. Stir in gluten flour until a soft dough is formed. Knead as in ordinary bread, put in pans to raise and when light bake in hot oven.

The Planing Machine.

As to the original inventor of the planing machine there is perhaps scarcely a machine about which there has been more controversy than this, and there are many claimants to the honor. There are records, however, showing that Nicholas Forq, a French clockmaker, used a metal planer in 1731 for machining pump cylinders, apparently being under the impression that they could be made more accurately in this manner than by a revolving cutter.—Cassier's Magazine.

The Glad Hand.

"What do you mean by the glad hand?" "Anything," answered Mr. Blochips, "that will beat three of a kind."—Washington Star.

The So-Called "Spanish Swindle."

The Department of State, at Washington, has received a report from the American Consul-General at Barcelona, Spain, in regard to the vast swindles operating in various towns and cities in Spain, who make a practice of writing to persons in the United States respecting the imprisonment of a relative and the guardianship of a child.

The Consul-General states that the alleged prisoner generally describes himself as a political prisoner from Cuba; he is at the point of death and has but one friend—the prisoner or through whose good offices he is enabled to smuggle an occasional letter out of the prison.

The prisoner, such. He has a fortune in real estate in the United States, but the springing of deposit is concealed in a secret receptacle of his valise; the value thereof has been taken possession of by the court at Cartagena, which tried and condemned him, and will be held until the prisoner or his representative has satisfied the costs of the trial. The prisoner has an only daughter; during his prison, his sole thought was this beloved offspring. He has no friend or relative in Spain to whom care he can commit her. In this emergency he thought turn to the distant relative in the United States whom he has never seen and of whom he knows only through hearsay or the family tree. With the distant relative assume the guardianship of the darling daughter and the darling daughter's fortune of about \$30,000. If the distant relative accepts the trust one-fourth of the prisoner's entire fortune will be the material reward. The good priest will go at once to the United States and take the darling daughter with him. There is but one condition: the ready money which the prisoner brought with him to Spain has been exhausted; the distant relative is therefore requested to send enough to liberate the value containing the secret receptacle and the certificate of deposit. This money is to be sent to the good priest at an address indicated, and having received it, the good priest will at once take the value and start for America, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," with the darling daughter.

The above is generally the first letter of the series. It is quickly followed by another in which the prisoner pathetically states that his strength is rapidly failing and the end is near. He beseeches his dear distant relative to assume the trust and be a loving father to the darling daughter. The third letter is from the good priest himself, who in brief, touching terms, and hopefully bad English, announces the death of the unhappy prisoner; the good priest adds that the darling daughter is under his care. He is ready to put his promise into execution and start for the United States as soon as he shall have received the necessary funds from the distant relative. The good priest frequently includes with his letter a bogus newspaper clipping announcing the death in prison at Barcelona of the famous Cuban patriot (sometimes called Auguste Lallende); the newspaper notice also speaks emphatically of the condemned value and the darling daughter.

It is a simple scheme, but presented in such a plausible way that almost any unsuspecting "distant relative" of European extraction would be more or less deceived by the glad prospect of fulfilling his duty to the agreeable custody of a darling daughter with a big fortune, and a one-fourth interest therein as an additional recompense.

Naturally the first impulse of the distant relative is to ask a lawyer or a judge or some authority what course he ought to pursue in the premises, but as he thinks of doing this his attention is taken by the warning in the prisoner's letter beseeching him not to mention the matter to any living soul lest the secret of the value and the hidden receptacle be indiscreetly betrayed.

The value, after all, with its concealed certificate of deposit, is the key to the situation and possession must be taken of it before anything can be done or said. This so cunningly set forth by the prisoner is very evident to the distant relative, and so he quite frequently presumes the secret intact, and instead of consulting a lawyer or writing to the American Consul-General at Barcelona he quietly sends a draft for the sum demanded to the good priest and awaits results. Of course he waits in vain, and the poor, dead prisoner and the good priest and the darling daughter, the course of the value pass out of his life, forever, leaving him only at uncomfortable memory of the money he so cheerfully contributed to the confidence game.

For nearly twenty years these same knaves have been practicing their swindle, and it is needless to suggest that they are very carefully organized; they have confederates not only in the United States but in most other countries. The confederates in question select a man and find out all they can about him; they get hold of family names, family origin, and family characteristics. This information is transmitted to the rascals in Spain, and letters are at once written to the prospective victim. The scheme is presented and developed in a very plausible way and many of our fellow-countrymen have "blundered" promptly and cheerfully.

Under the Spanish laws a felony must be consummated before the police may act, and a mere attempt to obtain money by false pretenses does not appear to warrant arrest. The money must be actually paid over and the prosecuting witness must be present in propria persona to testify; otherwise prosecution would be useless.

Recently the letters written to the distant relative have varied somewhat from the original; the political prisoner, having become a noted Russian banker who absconded, leaving a deficit of some millions of rubles, killed in a quarrel in England another Russian, and finally took refuge in Spain, where he was apprehended and charged with manslaughter.

This change of character, however, is immaterial, and in the future more new characters will probably be introduced by the gang. The scheme is the same, and the public is warned to place no credence in such or similar letters. Every effort has been made by the Department of State and its representatives in Spain to unmask these scoundrels and bring them to justice, and the Spanish authorities have also been active and several members of the gang have been apprehended and held for trial, but so far no convictions have resulted, owing probably to the peculiarity of the Spanish law referred to in the report of the Consul-General at Barcelona.

Department of State,
Washington, D. C., October, 1909.

One came twice as much as the other girls I know. "Yes, she has a double chin."—Cleveland Leader.

Grand Opera in English.

"Grand Opera in English," is the theme of a timely and entertaining article by Miss "Housa" Aultrix in the March Lippincott's. Miss Aultrix says:

"Straining ears are weary of trying to 'make out' a few words whereby to understand what the opera is all about. The English language lacks nothing to make it eligible to harmony. In order to be tender or dramatic, it is only requisite to choose suitable words and fit them to the magical notes, to bring the house to its feet or hush it to the silence that is the more perfect tribute.

"As a nation, we may lack old world 'culture' in spots, but we are adults—at last. Is it not, therefore, cross folly to cater to senseless prejudice? We are quickening to our amazing possibilities in the crafts, sciences, and arts. Why should we not give American musical genius its opportunity—not to-morrow, but to-day.

"That the great foreign singers do not 'know English,' that its 'consonants' are impossible, are classic arguments for the defense. If such is the case, they should learn English at once. It may seem to be worth their while. If not, there are in America superb voices of splendid range, young, fresh, and pure enough for the most civilized ear. An ear that is too highly cultivated is nearing the borderland of abnormality. Music gladdens is as wholesome as the breath of a flower, but music madures is not to be endured.

"Why it should still be accounted necessary for the owner of a 'Grand Opera voice' to go across the ocean to study in order to satisfy a hypercritical audience, is one of those problems that are never going to be solved. Time was when it was impossible here to learn exactly how not to use one's voice. Now, that is an important part of vocal curriculum. There is no longer a 'secret' in voice culture. If the European methods of the old school are preferred, there are in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities instructors who learned in Europe what they teach. In brief, any chosen method may be studied here. Also, prejudice and musical prestige are twinned sisters. Every Grand Opera singer has been a European of one count back, accredited from Europe, to win American laurels, bond-servant to tradition. It is time that there was a national rally against such prejudice. It is asserted by authoritative critics that we have now in American singers of both sexes taught by Americans, whose magnificent voices would adequately interpret any existing Grand Opera role, or any that may be written by Americans. Nor do they lack temperament. No 'born' musician ever was therein deficient.

"An impudently has his peculiarities. He is never a fool, nor one to be fooled. He is not going to pay towering salaries in order to awaken weird echoes in empty opera-houses. There is but one practical answer to this problem: We must fill the boxes and seats to the doors whenever Grand Opera in English is given. Should it be an American Grand Opera sung by Americans, we must be as willing to pay the same prices as to hear the most famed foreign artists. Should we not be more willing, who are the laymen? Not the boxes, but the box-office, will decide whether or not the heart's desire of hundreds of thousands of Americans, to whom music is second only to their religion, shall come true."

"Papa," said 5-year-old Johnny, "please give me a dime to buy a toy monkey." "You don't need a toy monkey," answered his father. "You are a monkey yourself." "Well," continued the little fellow, "I'll give you a dime to buy peanuts for the monkey."

Beulah gave Charlie a Christmas a beautiful necktie of my own make. Tee-ee! Was he pleased? Hee-hee!—Lamentably. He said his beauty shall be for no other eyes but his own. Wasn't that lovely of him?

It was small Helen's first trip across the lake and she was ill. "How do you feel, dear?" queried her mother. "Oh," answered Helen, faintly, "I feel like I wanted to unswallow my dinner."

"Why are we admonished to cast our bread upon the water?" queried the teacher of the juvenile Sunday school class. "Cause the fishes have to be fed," replied a small pupil.

Inquirer.—Did Miss Howell's voice fill the hall? Critic.—(Well, it filled the lobby. Nearly everybody went out there when she sang.—Huntington Herald.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WISTON'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children's ailments. It cures colic, wind, flatulence, and all the troubles of infancy. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy. It is sold in bottles of 10c and 25c. It is sold in all drug stores and by mail. It is sold in all drug stores and by mail. It is sold in all drug stores and by mail.

The first recorded thanksgiving was the first feast of the Pilgrims.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Dates must be given in full. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors or to be forwarded must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1910.

NOTES.

HOLDEN—The following line may be of interest to descendants of the Holden and Greene families of Rhode Island: 1. Hugh Capet, King of France (987-993), had by Queen Adela, his wife,

2. Robert the Pious, King of France (993-1031), who had by his wife, Lady Constance, of Toulouse, d. of William, 3. Henry I, K. of France (1031-1060), by wife Anne, d. of Jerusalem, Grand Duke of Russia, had

4. Prince Hugh Magnus, Count de Vermandois, who had

5. Lady Isabel de Vermandois, who had, 1st. Robert, Baron de Bellomont, Earl of Milne, created Earl of Leicester and had

6. Robert, 2nd Earl of Leicester, Lord Justice of England, who married Amelia de Weir, dau. of Ralph, Earl of Norfolk and had

7. Robert, 3rd Earl of Leicester, Steward of England, d. 1190. m. Petronella, d. of Hugh de Greentemest, and had

8. Lady Margaret de Bellomont, who m. Labor de Quincey, created 1207, Earl of Winchester, d. 1219 (one of the 25 Magna Charta Barons) and had

9. Roger, 2nd Earl of Winchester, countess of Scotland, d. 1264, m. 1st Helen, d. of Alan, Lord of Galloway, and had

10. Lady Elene de Quincey, who m. Sir Alan, Lord Zouche, of Ashby; countess of the Tower of London; Gov. of castle of Northampton, d. 1288, and had

11. Eudo de Zouche, 2nd son, m. Lady Millicent Cantelupe, widow of John Montalt, and had

12. Lady Lucy de Zouche, who m. 1st. wife, Thomas de Greene, b. 1282 (son of Sir Thomas de Greene, Lord of Broughton or Boughton) Northamptonshire, and had

13. Sir Henry de Greene, Lord Greave-Norton, Northampton, Lord Chief Justice of England, 1353, who m. Catharine, d. of Sir John Dryton, and had

14. Sir Henry de Greene, Lord of Greene's Norton, Knt, who m. Lady Matilda, d. of Thomas de Maudit, his 3rd son

15. Thomas Greene was grandfather of

16. Robert Greene, of Gillingham, Dorsetshire, who was bequeathed to Henry VIII's subsidy, 1545, and whose 2nd son

17. Richard Greene, of Bowridge Hill, Gillingham, was father of

18. Richard Greene, of Bowridge Hill, whose 1st son

19. John Greene, of Salisbury, Wills, b. 1597, m. Nov. 4, 1619, Jane Tattersall, who d. 1643. With wife and children he arrived at Boston, June 3, 1635, and settled in Providence, R. I. He died 1658. His son

20. John Greene, Warwick, R. I. Deputy Gov. of Rhode Island 1690-1700 m. Ann, d. of Wm. and Audrey Almy, and had

21. Catherine Greene, b. Aug. 21, 1665, md. Charles Holden of Randall. —X. Y. Z.

QUERIES.

6636. **PECKHAM**—John Peckham—b. —, d. 1831? Married first Mary Clarke, who died before 1648; his second wife was Eleanor —. Would like her maiden name. He was admitted an inhabitant of Newport after May 20, 1638, and was made a "freeman" March 18, 1641. In 1648 he appears on a list of members in full communion of the First Baptist Church. He lived in that part of Newport which afterwards became Middletown, and a stone marked J. P. (on land owned by Wm. F. Peckham) is supposed to mark his grave.

It is supposed that Mary (Clark) Peckham was the sister of Dr. John Clarke, as he had a sister Mary, born 1607.

William Peckham, of John and Mary, was born about 1647. He married first—Clarke, second—Phoebe Weeden, of William. He lived in Newport, Nov. 15, 1711. He was ordained as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Newport.—K. M.

6637. **UNDERWOOD**—Henry 1, Underwood married Jane —, and had four children, 1. Henry 2, born November 31, 1667, died 1738, unmarried. 11. Jane 2, married John Weeden. She was born March 17, 1669, died 1736. He died August 26, 1710; they had five children: John 3, Sarah 3, Jane 3, Daniel 3 and Hannah 3. Weeden, III. William 2, born May 21, 1671, died about 1744, married Sarah —, and had six children: William 3, Sarah 3, Thomas 3, — (a daughter 3), Temere 6, Henry 3. IV. John 2, born August 3, 1673, died 1737, married Sarah Peckham, who died about 1737. They had seven children: John 3, Joseph 3, Daniel 3, Philip 3, George 3, Mary 3, and James 3.

William 3, Underwood, son of William 2, and Sarah — (Underwood), was born March 14, 1694, married Ann Turpin and the only child that I find a record of was William 4, born Jamestown, Rhode Island, February 23, 1718-19, married Susanna —, and in South Kingstown, the following children were recorded: Anne 5, born June 25, 1743, Joseph born October 21, 1744, Henry, born January 25, 1752, Alice 5, born August 24, 1753, Samuel 5, born January 29, 1758. Would like dates of marriage of the above children, with names of husbands and wives.—L. D.

ANSWERS.

4143. **AYRAULT**—Nicholas Ayrault (James, Nicholas, Nicholas, Pierre), of Sandfield, Mass., whether later of Westfield, Conn., or not I do not know, married Mary Ann Parsons and had James, m. Emily Allen; John, m. Hulda Smith; Nicholas, m. Mary Smith; Rowell, m. Mary Northrop;

Allen, m. Bethe Lyman; Mary, m. Sparrow Smith; Lyman, m. Eadie (Smith); Emily, m. Luther Griffith. I have some data as to children of above, but few dates except in my own line which runs from Hulda Smith and John Ayrault.—G. S. H.

Middletown.

About \$500 of the \$1000 required to place a bas relief memorial in the Hersey Memorial Chapel for the late Thomas March Clarke, D. D., late Bishop of Rhode Island, has been contributed. The rector, the Rev. Lytta Griswold, is in charge of the fund.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jewett Brown, wife of Walter Brown, formerly of Middletown now of Ponchartraine, Conn., a writer of many interesting short stories, has written a new prize story for the "Rural New Yorker." The book, "The Heron Nest," is a companion story to a former one, "Nell Beverly, Farmer," the latter a story of farm life, the former a poor city family's struggles and trials in establishing a country home. Mrs. Brown who wrote many original poems for various special occasions at Aquidneck Grange while living in Middletown.

Mrs. Kilton, of the Edgewood Women's Club, Providence, spoke on Friday, March 4, before the members of the Oliphant Reading Club at Mrs. John R. Coggeshall's on Union street, Portsmouth. The afternoon subject was "Rhode Island Indians' Landmarks and Legends." The Current Topics Club of Newport accepted an invitation to be present and each club member had the privilege of visiting two friends.

The new house recently erected by Mr. Nathan Rogers on the site of his former dwelling on Green St. avenue, is completed and the family have moved in. The old house, which used to be known as the "Mary John Maguire house," was nearly 100 years old but was so damaged by the fire that swept away Mr. Brown's large new barn and adjoining buildings on July 4th last, as to be beyond repair.

Mrs. Alden P. Barker who has been quite ill at her home on Paradise avenue this week, is slightly improved. She is under the care of a trained nurse and has been threatened with pneumonia. Her mother, Mrs. Smith, has been ill at the same time.

Mr. Benjamin Wyatt, the oldest man in Middletown, who on August last celebrated his 89th birthday has been called "to enter the great beyond." Early on Thursday morning he passed away in an unconscious condition at the old Wyatt Homestead on Wyatt road where he had lived since his birth. The youngest of a family of four (two brothers and a half sister) he has been the last to go. He was the youngest son of Nathaniel and Sarah Thayer Wyatt and was born August 21, 1820. With the exception of a year or so his long life has been passed as a farmer in the same spot. Soon after his 60th birthday he gave up driving on the milk route and has, up to within a year, devoted himself to raising geese and fowl. Through the winter he continued to fatten and for the last 7 days had remained in an unconscious state gradually breathing shorter until the end came.

An unmarried son, Edward Nathaniel Wyatt, who had always lived at home, has cared for his father since the death of Mrs. Wyatt some 18 years ago, and his oldest son, Robert Gould Wyatt, who operated the Wyatt mill, has also resided with him for the past 7 years. Mr. Benj. Wyatt has been a man highly respected in his town and has occupied many positions of trust, among them the presidency of the town council (of which he was a member for several years), assessor of taxes, and member of the town school committee. He was also one of the oldest men and one of the oldest members of Oakland Lodge of Odd Fellows and of the Royal Arcanum. Through the death of his brother James last fall, who at the age of 82 years, was then "the oldest man in Middletown," this distinctive title came to him and he was presented with the case which had been given his brother by the Boston Post just previous to his death, for having lived to such an unusual age. Mr. Wyatt is survived by five children all of whom but one, have lived very near him in his native town, Robert Gould, Georgiana, Mrs. L. F. Whittier of Mount Vernon, Maine, Edward Nathaniel, William Benjamin and George Samuel Wyatt. There are also 10 grandchildren, 7 great-grandchildren, 2 nephews and a niece. Mr. Wyatt was one of the vigorous sturdy type of the earlier part of the century and his death resulted from the conditions due to old age.

One They All Keep.

"This talk about women being unable to keep a secret is all nonsense," remarked the man with the following hair.

What do you know about it?" queried the skeptical person. "Well," replied the other, "I have been married nearly thirty years, and my wife's age is still a secret."—Chicago News.

Inquiring Henderson—Paw, what is single blessedness? Father—That's when the doctor says it isn't twice.—Harvard Lampoon.

FEMALE FAGIN EXPOSED

Instructed a Large Class in Harlem In Art of Thievery

New York, March 4.—When Mary Pokorney, 17 years old, and Mary Shadaver, 14 years old, were arrested last night, jewelry, furs, silks and various trinkets to an amount in excess of \$60 were found upon their persons.

Mary Pokorney told the police of meeting a woman who invited her to her flat in Harlem. There the woman gave regular instruction to a numerous class in the art of stealing to department stores.

A man she met in the flat induced her to run away with him, Mary says, and for three weeks she stole to support him.

He was arrested and gave his name as William Ehrstland, 20 years old. He admitted carrying two terms for theft and burglary.

She Had Enough.

As Mrs. Mary of Birchdale Corners was leaving the exhibition hall of the county fair a man stepped out of a booth and accosted her.

"Won't you enter," said he, "and see the startling spenhariscope scintillations of radium?"

Mrs. Mary shook her head—with a smile, however, for she is courteous to do scientific.

"I'm obliged to you," she said, "but my bag is chock full of samples now."

THE "PRIZE BABY-LINE."

The vanguard of our great army of carriages and go-carts came to us yesterday—21 patterns from the first relief and for strength and beauty they can't be equalled. They're bound to jump into popular favor and captivate every fond mother who cares for comfort of her infant and has the proper amount of pardonable pride, in the appearance of the turnout she wheels along the street. The many new features will appeal to you because of their sound common sense. The line is ready for you and the sun shiny days are near at hand when the little one should be out getting the pure air which insures health and strength.

THE LITTLE PRICE IS ONE OF THE BIG FEATURES.

One Illustration.

Collapsible Cart, sturdy and strong with easy spring in seat, lined throughout with leather cloth, complete with hood. \$5.00

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To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies traveling alone this is a great advantage. These trains are speedily equipped—varnished buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS

Daily, Sundays included. Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Daily Washington at 8:45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies traveling alone this is a great advantage. These trains are speedily equipped—varnished buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

COLONIAL EXPRESS

Daily except Sundays. Through Washington at 11 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norfolk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.

For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is, buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE HAVE the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

FATHER TIME

Is always on the move. He waits for no one. In this age of progress time saving devices are the key to business success and home comfort. TELEPHONE SERVICE is unquestionably the greatest time saver known; it enables both the business and social world to get there on time. Let us tell you of its many uses and quite our rates.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 111 Spring St., Newport, R. I.



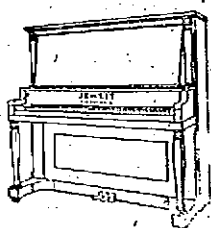
ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, March 3, 1910. THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of CATHERINE JOHNSON, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

HENRY N. JETER.

"MEET ME AT BARNEY'S."



WE WANT TO POINT OUT To you the fact that we have not only the finest stock of pianos that ever came into this town, but that we have bought them so wisely and economically that we can sell you an instrument at a much lower price than such values were ever offered you before. Spend a few moments of your time here, and we can convince you that this is true.

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE.
110 THAMES STREET.

Not Afraid of Slipping.

Michael Dugan, a journeyman plumber, was sent by his employer to the Hightower mansion to repair a gas leak in the drawing-room. When the butler admitted him he said to Dugan: "You are requested to be careful of the floors. They have just been polished."

"They're no danger to me slippin' on 'em," replied Dugan. "I 'ow spikes in my shoes."—March Lippincott's.

"The elevators we have now appear to handle the business," said the head of the firm. "But we'll need another to accommodate the airship passengers who wish to come downstairs," protested a director.—Buffalo Express.

Jones—Green bought a second-hand automobile three weeks ago, and he has been arrested six times in it. Smith—For exceeding the speed limit? Jones—No; for obstructing the street.—Chicago Daily News.

"He's a very particular man." "Yes! If the doctor told him that he was going to die he would want to telephone for a good room."—N. Y. Press.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Shell Fisheries.

ROCKY POINT OVERSEA CO., a corporation chartered under the laws of Rhode Island, doing business in the city of Providence, makes application for 500 acres of oyster ground in Narragansett Bay, southerly and westerly of the mouth of the Pawcatuck River. Also for 300 acres southerly and westerly of Conanicut Island and near the same.

A Richard A. Robertson of Providence makes application for 100 acres of oyster ground in the Narragansett Bay east of the channel between Conanicut Island and High Hill Point.

FRIDAY, March 4, 1910, at 11 o'clock, a. m. at the office of the Commissioner of Shell Fisheries, State House, Providence, is hereby appointed the time and place for the consideration of the same.

PHILIP H. WILBOUR,
JOHN H. NORTHUP,
EDWARD ATWOOD,
SAMUEL F. BOWEN,
JOHN G. WILCOX,
Commissioners of Shell Fisheries.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

WILL BE SOLD at public auction, on MONDAY, March 7th, 1910, at 3:30 o'clock p. m., at Little Compton, R. I., on the premises hereinafter described, by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage deed made by Henry F. Cose, bearing date of May 31st, 1903, and recorded in the records of said county in the town of Little Compton, in the county of Newport and State of Rhode Island, in real estate mortgage book, No. 10, page 281, hereinafter called said mortgage having been duly assigned to the undersigned.

A certain farm or tract of land situated in the town of Little Compton aforesaid, about one mile south of Adamsville, with a dwelling house and other buildings thereon, together with all the property of whatever description we have on said farm. Said farm is bounded southerly on land now or formerly of Nathaniel Clifford, southerly on said Nathaniel Clifford, land and land belonging to the heirs of Joseph Clifford, easterly and westerly on roads, containing by estimation twenty acres, be the same more or less.

Being the same premises conveyed to Alexander S. Taber by Charles L. Simmons, March 24th, A. D. 1883, and recorded in Book No. 15, page 161, of the land records for said town of Little Compton.

By order of the owners and holders of said mortgage who hereby give notice of their intention to bid at said sale, and of any postponement or adjournment thereof.

Providence, R. I., February 27th, 1910.
WASHINGTON R. FRESCOTT,
60 Indian Street,
Attorney for the Mortgagee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, made by Sylvester R. Allen and Isabelle Allen, both of the town of New Shoreham, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to Cassius O. Ball, of the town of New Shoreham, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, and bearing date July 10th, A. D. 1900, and recorded in Book No. 2, page 207, 208, of the records of Mortgages of Real Estate, in the town of New Shoreham, which said mortgage has since been duly assigned to Hattie A. Littlefield, of the town of New Shoreham, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, the present holder of said mortgage, there being breach in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage, there will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described in said town of New Shoreham, on SATURDAY, March 19th, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., all the right, title and interest of Sylvester R. Allen and Isabelle Allen at the time of the execution of said mortgage deed, in and to one undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in a certain tract of land situated in the South West part of the town of New Shoreham, and bounded as follows: Southerly on land of George Willis and wife and land of John R. Redfield and others; easterly on land of Samuel Allen, Jr., and land of Samuel H. Dickens and others; westerly on land of George Willis and wife; and southerly on land of George Willis and wife. The same being the property belonging formerly to Samuel Allen, late deceased. The undersigned hereby gives notice of her intention to bid at said sale.

HATTIE A. LITTLEFIELD,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

Block Island, R. I., Feb. 21, 1910—22633w

Carr's List.

AN IMPERIAL MARRIAGE,
By Arthur W. Marchmont.

THE HAVEN,
By Ellen Phillips.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER,
By Louis Joseph Vance.

THE LIVING MUMMY,
By Ambrose Pratt.

AN APPEAL TO THE BOY,
By Dr. William H. Peters.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobileists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

6-211

Private Wires.

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6-25-11

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T. Munro Seabury

COMPANY,

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H. N. HARRARD, Chairman.

J. J. ROSENFELD, Clerk.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Manuel M. de Souza, of the town of Portsmouth, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to the town of Portsmouth, in said County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date of the 5th day of April, A. D. 1897, and recorded in Portsmouth land records, book 25, pages 171, 172, 173, there having been breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, there will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on March 14, at two p. m., the following described real estate with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the town of Portsmouth in said County of Rhode Island, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a point in the westerly line of Indian avenue where land of said Hall intersects land of Louis LeTerra; thence westerly four hundred and thirty-five and 6/10 (435 6/10) feet, and bounded southerly by land of said Louis LeTerra; thence northerly one hundred (100) feet and bounded westerly by other land of said Hall; thence easterly four hundred and thirty-five (435 6/10) feet to said westerly line of said Indian avenue; and bounded northerly by other land of said Hall; thence southerly with the said westerly line of said Indian avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, and bounded easterly by said Indian avenue; and containing one (1) acre and bounded southerly by other land of said Hall; and bounded easterly by the same premises conveyed to Manuel M. de Souza by Benjamin Hall, Jr., by deed dated April 6th, A. D. 1897.

Any order of the Mortgagee, who hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any adjournment thereof.

BENJAMIN HALL, JR.,
Mortgagee.

218-1w

USE

Diamond Hill

BIRD

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

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Newport Compressed Brick Co

Newport, R. I.

5-211

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